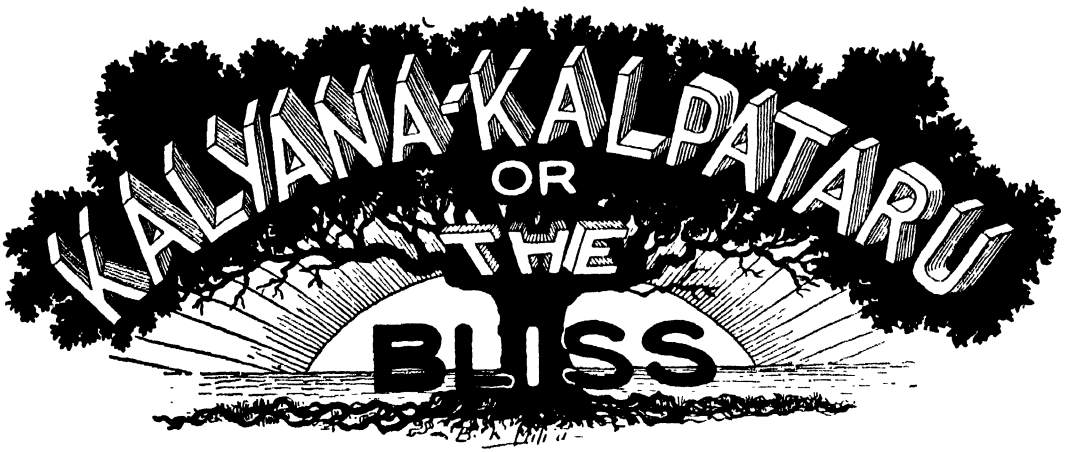
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ॐ पूर्णमदः पूर्णमिदं पूर्णात्पूर्णमुदच्यते । पूर्णस्य पूर्णमादाय पूर्णमेवावशिष्यते ॥




( ENGLISH EDITION OF THE 'KALYAN' )

A monthly for the propagation of Spiritual ideas and Love of God.

**He who seeth Me everywhere, and seeth everything in Me,**
**Of him will I never lose hold, and he shall never lose hold of Me.**

—*Bhagavadgītā VI. 30.*

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स तन्मयो ह्यमृत ईशसंस्थो
ज्ञः सर्वगो भुवनस्यास्य गोप्ता ।
य ईशेऽस्य जगतो नित्यमेव
नान्यो हेतुर्विद्यते ईशनाय ॥

HE being such a One, abides the deathless Lord, He, the conscious, omnipresent guardian of our world, who rules this world for ever—there is no other principle for the ruling of it.

( *Śwetāśvataropaniṣad* VI. 17 )

# Sri Krishna is the Brahma Propounded by Vedanta.

By a Lover of Vedanta.

THERE is a great stir among the inmates of the Āśrama. The sun has crossed the meridian, but the usual mid-day performances are not yet over. From the very dawn Śrī Gurudeva is in a sublime ecstasy. At times he weeps and cries in anguish of love and at another time he bursts into laughter. Now he sings the glory of Śrī Bhagavān and now he falls at His feet in a spirit of profound devotion and utter dedication. Here he lovingly taunts the Lord and there he sinks in rapt meditation. Never before had Gurudeva been seen in such a condition. The usual daily lessons have remained untouched. A lot of imagination and speculation has set afloat and students are at a loss what to do.

Mohana, Madhava and Mukunda—the three seniormost alumni of the Āśrama who are the very incarnation of *Brahmacharya*, *Tapasyā* ( askesis ) and *Ātmavidyā*, approach Śrī Gurudeva and prostrate at his feet, and thereby awake him from his trance. Śrī Gurudeva is rather touched to learn that the students have not yet had their *Bhikṣā* ( food obtained as alms ). He hastens to get it done.

As soon as they finish their afternoon duties and Śrī Gurudeva returns to his usual mood and assumes the posture known as *Padmāsana*, Mukunda addresses him with due reverence.

*Mukunda*: Never before did we see you in such an ecstatic mood. We are rather curious to know something about it.

*Śrī Gurudeva* ( *in an indistinct voice* ):

सखि शृणु कौतुकमेकं नन्दनिकेताङ्गणे मया दृष्टम् ।
गोधूलिधूसराङ्गो नृत्यति वेदान्तसिद्धान्तः ॥

"Oh dear! I saw a wondrous phenomenon this morning; I found the abstract truth of Vedānta with a dust-covered body dancing in the courtyard of Śrī Nanda."

*Madhava* ( *Aside, with wonder* ): How is it that Gurudeva is addressing Mukunda as *Sakhi*—a mode of address prevailing among females.

*Mukunda* ( *to himself* ): Well, this is the most opportune time to know the real secret at the feet of Śrī Gurudeva. ( *Aloud* ) How can it be that the secret of Vedānta dances in the courtyard of Śrī Nanda? In the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad* Maharṣī Yajñavalkya has spoken about *Brahma* to Gārgī as follows:—

'एतद्वै तदक्षरं गार्गि ब्राह्मणा अभिवदन्त्यस्थूलमनण्वह्रस्वमदीर्घम्' इत्यादि ।

( III. viii. 8 )

"Thus, O Gārgī, the wise speak of the Indestructible ( *Brahma* ) as not-gross, not-atomic, not-short, not-long,

and so on." Surely Śrī Kṛṣṇa does not possess these attributes. He, on the contrary, is endowed with a form and has a swarthy complexion.

*Gurudeva:* We, embodied creatures, see God with a form, but like the sky. He has no form as such. The transparent waters of the ocean are also blue. We call Him Śyāmasundara, but His hue is not something belonging to this world. Have you heard of anything dark and yet beautiful ? The colour of Śrī Bhagavān is incomparable; still, poets call him 'सजलजलदनीलम्'—blue as the clouds laden with moisture. We are naturally attracted towards the blue clouds and they give us immense joy. Similarly Bhagavān is showering bliss on every creature on this globe. As the peacock dances in joy at the sight of the clouds, even so are the devotees transported with joy to see Him. This blue colour is wonderful in many respects. No one can say how charming is that. The blue in the eyes gives light to see; had it not been there we would have been perfectly blind. The diamond is prized all the more due to its bluish hue. In order to fulfil the desires of His devotees Śrī Bhagavān takes various forms, although He is quite formless. He appears different to different persons:

मल्लानामशनिर्नृणां नरवरः स्त्रीणां स्मरो मूर्तिमान्
गोपानां स्वजनोऽसतां क्षितिभुजां शास्ता स्वपित्रोः शिशुः ।
मृत्युर्भोजपतेर्विराडविदुषां तत्त्वं परं योगिनां
वृष्णीनां परदेवतेति विदितो रङ्गं गतः साग्रजः ॥

( *Śrīmad Bhāgavata* X. xliii. 17 )

"When Śrī Kṛṣṇa along with His elder brother Baladeva entered the arena in the court of Kaṃsa, He looked like a thunderbolt to wrestlers, appeared as a superman to ordinary human beings, as God of Love to women, a kinsman to the Gopas ( cowherds ), a ruler to the wicked kings, a child to Devaki and Vasudeva, as death itself to Kaṃsa, an ordinary human being to those unacquainted with Him, as the Highest Truth to Yogis and the Supreme Deity to Yādavas."

*Mukunda:* Gurudeva, in the *Bṛhadāraṇyaka Upaniṣad*, the *Śruti*, while discussing the qualities of *Brahma*, has clearly mentioned that He is above all pain, grief, infatuation, decay and death:—

योऽशनाया पिपासे शोकं मोहं जरां मृत्युमत्येति ।

( III. v. 1. )

Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa, however, used to dine with his cowherd friends and He enjoyed such dinners very much Not only that; once He sent His friends to beg food of certain Brahman ladies at a sacrifice which was being performed by their husbands.

गाश्चारयन् स गोपालैः सरामो दूरमागतः ।
बुभुक्षितस्य तस्यान्नं सानुगस्य प्रदीयताम् ॥

( *Bhāgavata* X. xxiii. 17 )

"The cowherd boys addressed the priests' wives thus: Śrī Kṛṣṇa with his brother Balarām has come far away from his home and is feeling hungry. Be pleased therefore, to give us food for him and for ourselves, his comrades."

How is this to be explained ?

*Gurudeva:* The Lord appeared as though dining to those of His devotees who wanted to dine with Him. But in

essence He is perfect in every way. Anyone who has a desire to eat is no doubt imperfect, and that is why he satisfies himself with a hearty dinner. Śrī Bhagavān, however, does not stand in need of anything, as He is self-sufficient. This is what Śrī Kṛṣṇa said to His mother when His friends told her that He had eaten clay. He said:—

नाहं भक्षितवानम्ब सर्वे मिथ्याभिशंसिनः ।
यदि सत्यगिरस्तर्हि समक्षं पश्य मे मुखम् ॥

"All these boys, O Mother, tell a lie. I never have eaten clay. If you believe me not, you can see my mouth."

Having said so the Lord opened His mouth, showed to His mother the whole universe in His mouth.

सा तत्र ददृशे विश्वं जगत्स्थास्नु च खं दिशः ।
साद्रिद्वीपाब्धिभूगोलं सवाय्वग्नीन्दुतारकम् ॥
ज्योतिश्चक्रं जलं तेजो नभस्वान् वियदेव च ।
वैकारिकाणीन्द्रियाणि मनोमात्रा गुणास्त्रयः ॥

एतद्विचित्रं सहजीवकाल
स्वभावकर्माशयलिङ्गभेदम् ।
सूनोस्तनौ वीक्ष्य विदारितास्ये
व्रजं सहात्मानमवाप शङ्काम् ॥

( *Bhāgavata* X. viii. 37—39 )

"When Śrī Kṛṣṇa opened His mouth Yaśodā was bewildered to see therein the whole creation, moving as well as motionless, heaven and earth including mountains, oceans and islands, the ten directions, the five gross elements, five subtle elements, all heavenly bodies including the sun and the moon, the senses and the mind, the three Guṇas; Time, Space, disposition, the impressions of actions and so on and in a corner of it she saw Gokula with herself therein."

In the *Chhāndogya Upaniṣad* the same has been said of the *Brahma:*—

यावान् वायमाकाशस्तावानेषोऽन्तर्हृदय आकाश उभे अस्मिन् द्यावापृथिवी अन्तरेव समाहिते उभावग्निश्च वायुश्च सूर्याचन्द्रमसावुभौ विद्युन्नक्षत्राणि यच्चास्येहास्ति यच्च नास्ति सर्वं तदस्मिन् समाहितमिति ।

"The whole of the sky including the sky in the core of the heart, nay, both earth and heavens, fire and air, sun and moon, stars and thunderbolt—all that is or is not—is inherent in Him."

*Mukunda:* But the Upaniṣads describe Him thus:

यस्य ब्रह्म च क्षत्रं च उभे भवत ओदनः ।
मृत्युर्यस्योपसेचनं क इत्था वेद यत्र सः ॥

( *Kaṭha* I. ii. 24 )

"Whose very food is the Brahman and the Kṣatriya, death to whom is a vegetable; who can know the where and how of Him?"

*Gurudeva:* Quite so; that is why Śrī Bhagavān showed that all-consuming form of His to Arjuna.

यथा प्रदीप्तं ज्वलनं पतङ्गा
विशन्ति नाशाय समृद्धवेगाः ।
तथैव नाशाय विशन्ति लोका-
स्तवापि वक्त्राणि समृद्धवेगाः ॥
लेलिह्यसे ग्रसमानः समन्ता-
ल्लोकान् समग्रान् वदनैर्ज्वलद्भिः ।
तेजोभिरापूर्य जगत्समग्रं
भासस्तवोग्राः प्रतपन्ति विष्णोः ॥

( *Gītā* XI. 29-30 )

*"As moths with quickened speed will headlong fly*
*Into a flaming light, to fall destroyed,*
*So also these, in haste precipitate,*

*Enter within Thy mouths destroyed to fall.*
*"On every side all-swallowing, fiery-tongued,*
*Thou lickest up mankind, devouring all;*
*Thy glory filleth space: the universe*
*Is burning, Viṣṇu, with Thy blazing rays."*

*Mukunda:* It is quite all right so far as hunger and thirst are concerned. But we also find Śrī Kṛṣṇa in the grip of sorrow, infatuation, old age and death just as we mortals are.

*Gurudeva:* No, you are quite mistaken in thinking so. Who says that Śrī Kṛṣṇa was ever under the sway of sorrow and infatuation? He did not mourn the loss even of His own kinsmen. How passionately He indulged in His boyish sports at Gokula and Brindaban, but He did not care even to look at these favourite resorts of His after He left for Mathura. Will you call this infatuation? Miraculous is the story of His birth and exit from this world. He is not born nor does He die like an ordinary mortal. He manifests Himself and disappears. If you want to dive deep into the mystery you may go over the third chapter of Book X and chapter XXXII of Book XI of *Śrīmad Bhāgavata.*

*Mukunda: Brahma,* we are told, is all-pervading. The *Śruti* says:—

समो मशकेन समो नागेन सम एभिस्त्रिभिर्लोकैः ।

( *Bṛhadāraṇyaka* I. iii. 32 )

He ( *Brahma* ) pervades all alike a gnat as well as an elephant; He is equally present in all the three worlds. Such was not the case with Śri Kṛṣṇa. He used to kill demons and protect His devotees.

*Gurudeva:* Mukunda, you are mistaken. Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa, too, is equal to all:—

न चास्य कश्चिद्दयितः सुहृत्तमो
न चाप्रियो द्वेष्य उपेक्ष्य एव वा ।
तथापि भक्तान् भजते यथातथा
सुरद्रुमो यद्वदुपाश्रितोऽर्थदः ॥

( *Bhāgavata* III. xxix. 40 )

"He has no favourite, no friend, no enemy. No one is repulsive or contemptible in His eyes. Like a *Kalpataru* ( wish-yielding tree ) He fulfills the wishes of those who come under His protection. Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa has Himself said:—

समोऽहं सर्वभूतेषु न मे द्वेष्योऽस्ति न प्रियः ।
ये भजन्ति तु मां भक्त्या मयि ते तेषु चाप्यहम् ॥

( *Gītā* IX. 29 )

"The same am I to all beings; there is none hateful to Me or dear. They verily who worship Me with devotion, are in Me, and I also in them."

Brahmā saw all the Gopas in one and the same form:—

तावत्सर्वे वत्सपालाः पश्यतोऽजस्य तत्क्षणात् ।
व्यदृश्यन्त घनश्यामाः पीतकौशेयवाससः ॥
चतुर्भुजाः शंखचक्रगदाराजीवपाणयः ।
किरीटिनः कुण्डलिनो हारिणो वनमालिनः ॥

( *Bhāgavata* X. xiii. 46-47 )

"While Brahmā was contemplating which of the calves and the cowherds

were real and which illusory, all of a sudden they all turned into so many replicas of Śrī Kṛṣṇa Himself. Every one of them bore the colour of clouds, was clad in yellow silk, had four hands, bearing a conch, discus, mace and lotus respectively, was adorned with a diadem, ear-rings, wearing a wreath of sylvan flowers and a necklace of pearls."

King Parīkṣita put the same question to Śrī Śukadeva in the first chapter of Book VII of *Śrīmad Bhāgavata*. He says:—

समः प्रियः सुहृद्ब्रह्मन् भूतानां भगवान्स्वयम् ।
इन्द्रस्यार्थे कथं दैत्यानवधीद् विषमो यथा ॥

"Śrī Bhagavān is impartial, dear, and friendly to all the creatures of the world. How then is it that He killed the demons for the sake of Indra ?"

If you go over the chapter carefully you can easily understand the mystery of this apparent inconsistency. Śrī Bhagavān grants boons to His devotees according to their desires. He bore no ill-will to Bhṛgu when the latter kicked Him; on the contrary He began to shampoo his feet, saying:—

आह ते स्वागतं ब्रह्मन् निषीदात्रासने क्षणम् ।
अजानतामागतान् वः क्षन्तुमर्हथ नः प्रभो ॥
अतीव कोमलौ तात चरणौ ते महामुने ।
वज्रकर्कशमद्वक्षःस्पर्शेन परिपीडितौ ॥

( *Śrīmad Bhāgavata* X. 89. 9-10 )

"Hail ! Holy Brahman ! pray take your seat here. We did not know of your arrival and beg your forgiveness for our negligence. We know your feet are very tender, whereas our breast is as hard as adamant. Surely they must have been hurt by the impact."

How charming is the divine Līlā !

*Mukunda: Brahma* is all-pervading and there is no place devoid of Him. The Śruti says:—

ब्रह्मैवेदममृतं पुरस्ताद्ब्रह्म पश्माद्ब्रह्म दक्षिणश्चोत्तरेण अधश्चोर्ध्वं च प्रसृतं ब्रह्मैवेदं विश्वमिदं वरिष्ठम् ।

( *Muṇḍaka* II. ii. 21 )

"It is verily the Eternal *Brahma* that is before us as well as behind, North, South, above and below. The whole universe is nothing but *Brahma*."

Śrī Kṛṣṇa, however, is confined to one place only at a time. How can he be *Brahma* ?

*Gurudeva:* As the sun appears at a particular spot even though it is present in all parts of the world, similarly Śrī Kṛṣṇa is pervading the whole animate and inanimate world though He seems to be fixed at one place. He met Śrutadeva and Janaka simultaneously in the same form; ( see *Bhāgavata*: Bk. X. chap. 86. ). Duryodhana saw the whole of his army in the form of Śrī Kṛṣṇa.

अथवा कृष्णाकारां स्वचमूं दुर्योधनोऽपश्यत् ।
तस्माद्व्यापक आत्मा भगवान्हरिरीश्वरः कृष्णः ॥

( *Prabodha Sudhakar* 202 )

*Mukunda: Brahma* stands supreme over the earth and the sky, holding the sun and the moon under His law.

एतस्य वा अक्षरस्य प्रशासने गार्गि सूर्याचन्द्रमसौ विधृतौ तिष्ठत एतस्य वा अक्षरस्य प्रशासने गार्गि द्यावापृथिव्यौ विधृते तिष्ठतः ।

How can this be affirmed about Śrī Kṛṣṇa ?

*Gurudeva:* Yes, you are right. You can easily understand the inner significance of the *Śruti* if you just go through the *Brahma-Saṃvada* ( *Bhāgavata* X. 14 ), *Yama-Saṃvada* ( X. 45 ), *Indra-Saṃvada* ( X. 27 ), *and Varuṇa-Saṃvada* ( X. 28 ).

*Mukunda*: The *Śruti* thus describes the origin of the universe from *Brahma:-*

यथा सुदीप्तात्पावकाद्विस्फुलिङ्गाः
सहस्रशः प्रभवन्ते सरूपाः ।
तथाक्षराद्विविधाः सौम्य भावाः
प्रजायन्ते तत्र चैवापियन्ति ॥
( *Muṇḍaka* II. i. 1 )

"As thousands of sparks alike in appearance come from the burning fire, so do various entities spring up from the Indestructible ( *Brahma* ) and are again merged into the same."

*Gurudeva*: You can quite clearly understand the real significance of this statement when you study the incident of the calves and cowherd boys being stolen by Brahmā.

यावद्वत्सपवत्सकाल्पकवपुर्यावत्कराङ्घ्र्यादिकं
यावद् यष्टिविषाणवेणुदलशिग् यावद्विभूषाम्बरम् ।
यावच्छीलगुणाभिधाकृतिवयो यावद्विहारादिकं
सर्वं विष्णुमयं गिरोऽङ्गवदजः सर्वस्वरूपो बभौ ॥
स्वयमात्मात्मगोवत्सान् प्रतिवार्यात्मवत्सपैः ।
क्रीडन्नात्मविहारैश्च सर्वात्मा प्राविशद्व्रजम् ॥
( *Bhāgavata* X. xiii. 19-20 )

The words of the *Śruti* 'सर्वं विष्णुमयं जगत्' the world is verily filled with Viṣṇu—were proved to the hilt when Śrī Kṛṣṇa Himself took the form of countless calves and cowherd boys and afterwards all of them immerged in Śrī Bhagavān just as they had sprung from Him. To speak nothing of others even demons like Aghāsura and Bakāsura entered into Him ( *Bhāgavata*, *Skandha* X.Chap. 12 and 74 ). How can you see Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa with these physical eyes? This is against *Śruti*, which says:—

न तत्र चक्षुर्गच्छति न वाग्गच्छति नो मनो न
विद्मो न विजानीमो ।
( *Kenopaniṣad* I. 3 )

"Eyes cannot see Him, nor can the tongue sing His praises; He is beyond the ken of mind and intellect, we do not know Him, we cannot fully comprehend Him."

Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa has Himself said in the *Gītā:*

न तु मां शक्यसे द्रष्टुमनेनैव स्वचक्षुषा ।
दिव्यं ददामि ते चक्षुः पश्य मे योगमैश्वरम् ॥
( XI. 8 )

"But verily thou art not able to behold Me with these thine eyes: the divine eye I give unto thee. Behold My Soverign Yoga."

Śrī Bhagavān showed His universal form to Arjuna by giving him divine eyes.

तत्रैकस्थं जगत्कृत्स्नं प्रविभक्तमनेकधा ।
अपश्यद्देवदेवस्य शरीरे पाण्डवस्तदा ॥
( *Gītā* XI. 13 )

"There Arjuna beheld the whole universe, divided into manifold parts, standing in one in the body of the God of gods."

*Śruti* has thus described the form of God—

अग्निर्मूर्धा चक्षुषी चन्द्रसूर्यौ
दिशः श्रोत्रे वाग्विवृताश्च वेदाः ।

वायुः प्राणो हृदयं विश्वमस्य
पद्भ्यां पृथिवी ह्येष सर्वभूतान्तरात्मा ॥

"Fire is His head, the moon and the sun are His eyes, the ten directions are His ears, the Vedas are His speech, air is His breath, the universe is His heart, earth is His feet, He is the indwelling soul of every creature."

This very universal form did Śrī Bhagavān show to Nārada.

*Mukunda:* But, O Gurudeva, when Nārada saw His universal form, Śrī Bhagavān told Him thus—

माया ह्येषा मया सृष्टा यन्मां पश्यसि नारद ।
सर्वभूतगुणैर्युक्तं नैवं मां ज्ञातुमर्हसि ॥

(*Mahābhārata*)

"This illusion that thou seest has been created by Me. I am endowed with all the qualities of all the creatures and you cannot therefore know Me."

How is it so?

*Gurudeva*: It is quite true. Nobody can see Him unless endowed with the eyes of *Jñāna* (wisdom)—

यत्साक्षादपरोक्षाद्ब्रह्म ।

This very Divine Sight has Śrī Bhagavān described in the first chapters of the *Gītā*.

*Mukunda*: Has anybody seen Him with this Divine Sight?

*Gurudeva*: Not one or two, but many have seen Him in His essential form and they are those on whom He has showered His mercy. Mother Devaki saw Him in His true form in the jail and said:—

रूपं यत्तत्प्राहुरव्यक्तमाद्यं
ब्रह्मज्योतिर्निर्गुणं निर्विकारम् ।
सत्तामात्रं निर्विशेषं निरीहं
स त्वं साक्षाद्विष्णुरध्यात्मदीपः ॥
नष्टे लोके द्विपरार्धावसाने
महाभूतेष्वादिभूतं गतेषु ।
व्यक्तेऽव्यक्तं कालवेगेन याते
भवानेकः शिष्यते शेषसंज्ञः ॥

(*Bhāgavata* X. iii. 24-25)

"You are verily the unmanifest primal entity known as the *Brahma*, All-effulgence beyond the three Guṇas and changeless, Absolute, All-existence, unqualified and motionless. You are Viṣṇu Himself, the Revealer of spiritual truths. You alone remain at the time of final dissolution, when the whole universe has disappeared, when the five elements have merged into the primal Being, when this visible world has merged into the Unmanifest.

Kunti also saw His universal form and addressed Him thus:—

मन्ये त्वां कालमीशानमनादिनिधनं विभुम् ।
समं चरन्तं सर्वत्र भूतानां यन्मिथः कलिः ॥
न वेद कश्चिद्भगवंश्चिकीर्षितं
तवेहमानस्य नृणां विडम्बनम् ।
न यस्य कश्चिद्दयितोऽस्ति कर्हिचिद्
द्वेष्यश्च यस्मिन्विषमा मतिर्नृणाम् ॥
जन्म कर्म च विश्वात्मन्नजस्याकर्तुरात्मनः ।
तिर्यङ्नृषिषु यादस्सु तदत्यन्तविडम्बनम् ॥

(*Bhāgavata* I. viii. 28—30)

"O Kṛṣṇa, You are the Supreme Lord above birth and death, equally pervading all, destroyer of all. You come and remain with men—Your children—and behave like a human being. Nobody can know what Thou intendest doing. You favour the virtuous and punish the wicked—such

is the opinion of the people. But You have neither favourites nor foes. O Kṛṣṇa, You are verily the soul of the universe above the shackles of birth and death. Your actions vary according to Your incarnations in the form of a Boar amongst animals, Rāma amongst men and Vāmana amongst Ṛṣis and Matsya (Fish) amongst aquatic animals. But you are one in all these different forms."

The Gopīs also saw Him and spoke to Him thus:—

मैवं विभोऽर्हति भवान् गदितुं नृशंसं
सन्त्यज्य सर्वविषयांस्तव पादमूलम् ।
भक्ता भजस्व दुरवग्रह मा त्यजास्मान्
देवो यथादिपुरुषो भजते मुमुक्षून् ॥
न खलु गोपिकानन्दनो भवा-
नखिलदेहिनामन्तरात्मदृक् ।
विखनसार्थितो विश्वगुप्तये
सख उदेयिवान् सात्वतां कुले ॥

( *Bhāgavata* X. xxix. 31; xxxi. 4 )

"You should not thus address cruel words to us. The Primal Being accepts those who fling away everything in quest of liberation and fulfils all their desires; even so You should accept us who have come under the shelter of Thy lotus feet."

"You are not only the child of Yaśodā. You are verily the supreme Lord of all creatures, the indwelling witness of the whole universe. You have incarnated Yourself at the request of Brahmā to protect the world. It does not therefore become Thee to kick away Thy devotees."

*Mukunda*: You give so much importance to Gopīs even as compared to the self-realized Munis like Śukadeva and Nārada. Those Gopīs did not study the scriptures, nor did they receive schooling with their preceptors, nor did they undergo the Dwijāti-Saṃskāras or purificatory rites. How could they see Bhagavān Śrī Kṛṣṇa? Pray tell me who these Gopīs were, what *Sādhanā* did they perform and how could they become the recipients of Divine Love.

*Gurudeva*: Well, you still have in your mind the egoistic sense of 'I am a Brahman', 'I am a God-man,' 'I am a scholar, and so on and so forth. This is egotism pure and simple. You think yourself to be a religious and spiritually-minded person, but you must remember that it is difficult to define sin and virtue. The learned keep mum, saying

"धर्मस्य तत्त्वं निहितं गुहायाम्"

—the secret of religion is hidden in the cavity of the heart. What you call virtue here may bring undesirable results hereafter. What appears as a sin to us may turn out to be virtue in reality. It is difficult to say what goes to purify the mind. Śrī Bhagavān has Himself said:—

अहं सर्वेषु भूतेषु भूतात्मावस्थितः सदा ।
तमवज्ञाय मां मर्त्यः कुरुतेऽर्चाविडम्बनम् ॥
यो मां सर्वेषु भूतेषु सन्तमात्मानमीश्वरम् ।
हित्वार्चां भजते मौढ्याद् भस्मन्येव जुहोति सः ॥
द्विषतः परकाये मां मानिनो भिन्नदर्शिनः ।
भूतेषु बद्धवैरस्य न मनः शान्तिमृच्छति ॥
अहमुच्चावचैर्द्रव्यैः क्रिययोत्पन्नयानघे ।
नैव तुष्येऽर्चितोऽर्चायां भूतग्रामावमानिनः ॥
अर्चादावर्चयेत्तावदीश्वरं मां स्वकर्मकृत् ।
यावन्न वेद स्वहृदि सर्वभूतेष्ववस्थितम् ॥
आत्मनश्च परस्यापि यः करोत्यन्तरोदरम् ।
तस्य भिन्नदृशो मृत्युर्विदधे भयमुल्बणम् ॥

अथ मां सर्वभूतेषु भूतात्मानं कृतालयम् ।
अर्हयेद्दानमानाभ्यां मैत्र्याभिन्नेन चक्षुषा ॥

( *Bhāgavata* III. xxix. 21-27 )

"They only make a travesty of worship who take to worshipping the image only, disregarding the fact that I reside in the hearts of all creatures as their very soul. He can never get peace of mind who bears ill-will to any creature on earth, because it is verily Myself who have manifested in the form of this world. One should therefore worship Me as pervading the whole universe and residing in every creature, respect his elders, befriend his equals and help the poor."

However virtuous an action may be, it will surely prove a source of bondage if it is not performed in a spirit of dedication. While one is enjoying the fruits of virtuous acts, sins may creep in, which in their turn will bring forth the inevitable fall. What outwardly appears to be a sin may be a veritable home of virtue and bring about liberation. Thus says the *Bhāgavata.*

कर्माकर्म विकर्मेति वेदवादो न लौकिकः ।
वेदस्य चेश्वरात्मत्वात्तत्र मुह्यन्ति सूरयः ॥
किं वर्णितेन बहुना लक्षणं गुणदोषयोः ।
गुणदोषदृशिर्दोषो गुणस्तूभयवर्जितः ॥
परस्वभावकर्माणि न प्रशंसेन्न गर्हयेत् ।
विश्वमेकात्मकं पश्यन् प्रकृत्या पुरुषेण च ॥
बद्धो मुक्त इति व्याख्या गुणतो मे न वस्तुतः ।
गुणस्य मायामूलत्वान्न मे मोक्षो न बन्धनम् ॥
शब्दब्रह्मणि निष्णातो न निष्णायात्परे यदि ।
श्रमस्तस्य श्रमफलो ह्यधेनुमिव रक्षतः ॥

निष्किञ्चना मय्यनुरक्तचेतसः
शान्ता महान्तोऽखिलजीववत्सलाः ।
कामैरनालब्धधियो जुषन्ति यत्
तन्नैरपेक्ष्यं न विदुः सुखं मम ॥
निरपेक्षं मुनिं शान्तं निर्वैरं समदर्शनम् ।
अनुव्रजाम्यहं नित्यं पूयेयेत्यङ्घ्रिरेणुभिः ॥

"It is difficult to know the mystery of *Karma.* One should never praise or condemn the actions of others, the only criterion of an action is its potentiality to bring forth bondage or liberation. The labour of one who has not realized the Supreme Reality, though well-versed in the scriptures, is fruitless like that of one who rears a barren cow. They alone enjoy that supreme and absolute bliss who are without possessions, who are deeply in love with all men, are always serene and kind to all, and who are free from desires. Such a man I follow to sanctify My body with the dust of his feet, who is free from desires, given to contemplation, who is always serene and free from animosity and looks on the whole world with an equal eye."

The Upaniṣads say:—

नायमात्मा प्रवचनेन लभ्यो
न मेधया न बहुना श्रुतेन ।
यमेवैष वृणुते तेन लभ्य-
स्तस्यैष आत्मा विवृणुते तनूं स्वाम् ॥

( *Kaṭha* I. ii. 22. )

"The Self is not to be realized by any amount of dissertation, nor by intellect nor by vast learning. He whom the *Ātmā* Itself chooses, to him alone the Self reveals Its real nature."

Even Nārada acknowledges the Gopīs of Brindaban as ideal Bhaktas—"यथा व्रजगोपिकानाम्" ( love should be as keen

and selfless as those of the Gopīs ). Śrī Śukadeva also says:—

नेमं विरिञ्चो न भवो न श्रीरप्यङ्गसंश्रया ।
प्रसादं लेभिरे गोपी यत्तत्प्राप विमुक्तिदात् ॥

"Neither Brahmā, nor Śiva, nor Lakṣmī, who has her abode on the body of Viṣṇu, obtained that favour which the Gopīs received at the hands of the Dispensator of Liberation."

The love of Gopīs can be understood only when the heart has been perfectly cleared of the impurities of the world by the mercy of Śrī Hari and when it has been fixed in utter devotion and dedication on His blessed feet. The whole body, the whole being, then, is perfectly saturated with the effulgence of Love and then alone one can understand a little bit of the Gopīs' love to Kṛṣṇa.

All the three disciples were dumbfounded to listen to the discourse of Śrī Gurudeva and were rather in rapt *Samādhi*. After a while, when Mādhava rose from the ecstasy, he thus prayed with folded hands to Śrī Gurudeva.

*Madhava*: I could not follow one thing and that was the term 'सखि' ( used for a female friend ) employed by you in addressing us.

*Gurudeva*: Yes, it is a profound mystery, but a *Guru* should hide nothing from a loving disciple—'ब्रूयुः स्निग्धस्य शिष्यस्य गुरवो गुह्यमप्युत'

The *Gītā* says:

अपरेयमितस्त्वन्यां प्रकृतिं विद्धि मे पराम् ।
जीवभूतां महाबाहो ययेदं धार्यते जगत् ॥
( VII. 5 )

"This is the lower. Know My other nature, the Higher, the life-element, O mighty-armed, by which the universe is upheld."

Śrī Kṛṣṇa alone is the enjoyer. The whole universe is the object to be enjoyed by Him. A faithful wife serves her beloved husband day and night. Her sole objective is the happiness of her husband. Similarly a devotee thus united with the Lord serves Him and Him alone all his life. His very existence is for the service of the Lord, His only desire is to please Śrī Bhagavān alone.

* * * *

This proved a miracle to the pupils. All their doubts about Śrī Kṛṣṇa were dispelled for good. The Līlās of Śrī Kṛṣṇa—the embodiment of *Ānanda*, were now quite visible to them. Sometimes they would see Śrī Kṛṣṇa, a child of six, playing in the lap of Mother Yaśodā; sometimes they would behold in Him a terrible god killing fierce monsters like Aghāsura, Bakāsura, Pralambāsura, Kāliya, Keśī, Kaṃsa, and so on. Now they would find Him playing wantonly in Gokula on the banks of the Jamuna with His cow-mates and then they would see Him liberating Yamalārjuna. Here they would see Him stealing butter from the houses of cow-maids and there He would save the chastity of Draupadī and run to her rescue. He would sometimes be seen discussing perplexing problems of politics, giving supreme divine light to Ṛṣis and sages, and sometimes He would be found removing the burden of Mother Earth by killing tyrant Kings. The pupils themselves were almost immerged in

the Divine ecstasy of Śrī Gurudeva and had nothing now to ask him. They were now so much plunged in meditation, so deeply immersed in joy that it was difficult to make out whether they were statues or living figures. Their whole being was as if drinking deep at the fountainhead of Divine Love and Beauty.

After a long while Mukunda rose to say—Śrī Kṛṣṇa is the *Brahma* propounded by Vedānta

*Hari Om Tatsat.*

# Sannyasis, Wake Up.

By Swami Sivananda.

HARI OM. Mere study of *Vichāra-sāgara* or *Pañchadaśī* cannot bring in the experience of pure Adwaitic Consciousness. Vedantic gossipping and idle, dry talk on the *Brahma-Sūtras* and Upaniṣads cannot help a man in feeling the unity or oneness of life. One cannot hope to feel the Adwaitic unity of consciousness—'सर्वं खल्विदं ब्रह्म'(ALL INDEED IS BRAHMA OR ĀTMĀ ), unless the aspirant ruthlessly destroys all sorts of *ghṛṇā* ( scorn ), hatred, petty-mindedness, jealousy, envy, idea of superiority and all barriers that separate man from man, by incessant and protracted service of humanity with the right mental attitude or Divine *Bhāva*. Practical Vedānta is rare in these days. There are only dry discussions and Vedantic gossipping.

People study a few books on Vedānta and style themselves as Jīvanmuktas. This is a serious mistake. Even if there is one real *Jivanmukta,* he is a great dynamic force to guide the whole world. Some Sannyāsīs of the old orthodox school of thought think that a *Jivanmukta* is without powers. No, a *Jivanmukta* can change or alter the destiny of the whole world. The of a *Jivanmukta* can work wonders inasmuch as he has no *sankalpa* other than the Divine *Sankalpa.* It is more powerful than the *Saṃyama* of a *Yogī.*

Just as a medical student cannot understand Pathology, diagnosis and medicine if he neglects physiology and morphology in the beginning, so also the aspirant cannot understand and realize the spirit and object of Vedānta if he neglects to practise *Karmayoga* to eradicate the impurities of the mind. Practice of *Karmayoga* eventually culminates in the realization of Vedantic unity of Self. There is not even an iota of hope of realizing the Self without self-purification by *Niṣkāma Karmayoga.*

Utilize this body-machine in selfless works for fulfilment of purpose Divine without having regard to their fruit. Have no attachment to place, person or thing. Keep up self-poise amidst the changes of the world without considerations of success or failure, gain or loss, victory or defeat, respect or disrespect, pleasure or pain. Have always a balanced mind. Have the mind firmly established in the Self amidst activities. Then you will become a true *Karmayogī.* This demands constant practice, steadfastness, patience, perseverance and endurance,

Practice of *Karma* combined with *Jñāna* in the world is far more difficult than the practice of pure *Jñāna* in a cave in the Himalayan retreats. A *Karmayogī* will have no *vikṣepa* or tossing of mind, while a pure *Jñānayogī* will be easily disturbed by a little sound or bustle of the city. To keep up meditation while performing action is a different kind of difficult *Sādhana*. That *yogī* who keeps up the meditation while performing actions is a powerful *yogī* indeed. A long stay in caves makes a man Tamasic and unfit for energetic active service of humanity. A recluse is afraid when he sees a big crowd or a bevy of ladies. A little sound throws him out of balance. A recluse living in forests will have to test his real inner strength by occasional visits to the towns and occasional services to humanity. Proper understanding of Māyāvāda is very necessary. The present deplorable condition of India is due to lack of right understanding of Māyāvāda. If batches of Sannyāsīs come out of their retreats and work in the world vigorously and in a systematic way according to their capacity, temperament and taste, we will have indeed a new and glorious India full of new religious life, spiritual and moral upheaval.

This is a dire need of the present hour. There is a hue and cry amongst the householders. They bring a serious charge against Sannyāsīs that they are great idlers and a burden on society. They have no faith on Sannyāsīs on this score. A thorough overhauling of the organization of this fourth order of life is an imperative necessity. Mere social service in some form or other and a little *kathā* or preaching here and there will not bring about satisfactory results. A drastic form of organized service is indispensably requisite. How active was Śrī Śankara himself, the propounder of Māyāvāda! Look at the magnanimous work turned out by him! He preached against selfish Karmas only. He was not against selfless actions. He himself was a wonderful *Karmayogī*. At a time when there was no railway communication, he established four mutts in four different corners of India. What tremendous activities he did! How many precious books he wrote within a short period of his life of 32 years! He did *Digvijaya* also.

Let us all follow his footsteps and his ideal and remove the wrong impressions that are formed in the minds of our countrymen. It is only Sannyāsīs bold who have worked wonders in the past. They can do wonders even now. They are whole-time free men. They are full of energy, concentration, strength, purity and capacity. They have spiritual and ethical powers. They can undoubtedly thrill and electrify the whole world in the twinkling of an eye. Glory, glory to such exalted Sannyāsīs, children of Śrī Śankara and Śrī Dattātreya, the real spiritual Kings and spiritual Teachers of the three worlds. May their blessings be upon you all. May the Sannyāsīs guide and enlighten the people who are sunk in the mire of *Saṃsāra* hopelessly and deplorably. May the householders receive their spiritual instructions with full *bhāva* and *śraddhā* and serve them with great care and profound sincerity.

OM! OM! OM!

# Unto Bliss.

BE firm in your conviction that you are not the body, that you are not what they call you. That name and form are superimposed on you and you have no real connection with them. That you lose nothing by losing the body, you lose not your reality by having your fair name tarnished. That you are beyond death and old age, stainless, immaculate, eternal, equable and immutable. That you are not born with the body nor do you perish with the body. That you are perpetual, free from worldly ties, undecaying and unborn. That your being never undergoes transformation.

* * * *

Whatever changes take place, take place in name and form only. The Self or *Ātmā*, however, is altogether distinct from name and form. When the *Jīvātmā* ( individual soul ) entered the mother's womb, it did not have the gross body which it now possesses. Death, again, will destroy this body, but the *Jīvātmā* will persist. Hence it is proved that body is not the *Jīvātmā*. Similarly, the *Jīva* had no name when it existed in the mother's womb. People said that a child was going to be born. They did not even know whether it was a male or a female child. When the child saw the light of the day, it was announced that a son was born. The boy was christened after some time. The name, however, was not quite to the parents' liking; hence they gave him another beautiful name. When the child grew up, the name was further changed. Thus it is proved that the name, too, does not constitute the *Jīvātmā*.

* * * *

Both name and form are assumed—superimposed. The *Jīva*, however, regards these as its very being and, taking their gain and loss as its own, is engaged day and night in taking care of these. That our body may remain comfortable and our name may spread far and wide—that is the ambition of every one of us, whether big or small. This is stark madness, blind ignorance, sheer delusion and rank infatuation. Rid yourself of this and realize your true being. Remember: the joys and sorrows of the world harass you only so long as you regard name and form as your very being. The moment you realize them as false, as something pertaining to Matter ( *Prakṛti* ), and yourself as beyond them both, you will be rid of the joys and sorrows born of *Prakṛti*. All that is happening in the world is happening in *Prakṛti*: the *Ātmā* is altogether detached. The *Ātmā* is your true being.

* * * *

Remember: the indisposition of your body does not make you indisposed and the healthy condition of your body does not make you healthy; the stoutness of your body does not make you stout and the emaciation of your body does not emaciate you. You are free from worldly ties, you are always equable.

All these pairs of opposites do not exist in you. All these dualities exist in Matter. Of course, so long as you are established in *Prakṛti*, all the modifications of *Prakṛti* are reflected in you—nay, you are fully affected by the modes of *Prakṛti*; though having a stout and perfectly healthy body, you are altogether unhealthy. Your real health consists in your being established in your real Self. He alone is healthy who is established in the Self; while he who is established in *Prakṛti* is unhealthy.

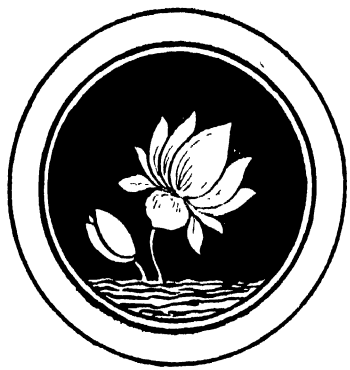
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Similarly, the spreading of your name far and wide does not enhance your worth and the odium resting on your name does not bring disrepute to your real being. Even so indignity offered to your name does not bring disgrace to you, nor does honour done to your name bring honour to you. You are something separate from your name. But so long as you regard the name as your very being, obloquy attaching to your name will continue to give you pain and the honour to your name will continue to gratify you. Thus you are frittering away your precious life in earning reputation for your name. Even if you succeed in securing honour to your name far and wide, of what avail will it be to you? How long will that reputation last and what real gain will you derive therefrom? The reputation of your name will tighten your bonds even further and will render it more difficult for you to acquire real bliss by at-onement with the Self.

* * * *

Hence what you should do is to overcome this charm for name and form—to give up all longing for bodily comforts and reputation and realize your true being. You are ever free: bondage can never touch you. The duality of happiness and misery can never exist even in your imagination. You are all-blissful, eternally existing and ever-conscious. You are a fount of peace; you are perfect, indivisible, infinite, absolute, constant and eternal.

"Siva"



# The Only Being.

By Arthur E. Massey.

## Path, Motive, Guide, Original and End

If man were not more than he seems—the mere creature of a day inhabiting an infinitesimal point in the flux and flow of cosmic change, he would not be able even to aspire to know anything of the ultimate nature of things. It is the Divine within—that spark of immortal intelligence which constitutes his Higher Self, that never lets him cease from seeking for the truth which must ultimately make him free. We speak of Eternity, Space, Time, the Infinite; but the Infinite need not be thought of as necessarily big, for the invisible universe has no relation to size, and might conceivably be shut up in a cell under a microscope. As a matter of fact, all time, past and future, as we define it, is actually an *Eternal Now*. What we understand as 'the future' exists just as much as the past exists, and when we say we have not reached it yet, all we mean is that it has not yet impinged on our senses. There is evidence already that the mind in the dream state can become connected with future events that we have not yet reached. If we could only break away from our limitations, how gloriously conscious we should be of an ever-present Eternal Being, Power, Intelligence, Beauty, Purpose or Will, Goodness, LIFE! "The Source Divine and life of all". "The Only Being" out of whom the infinite world of things emerges. How strange it is that we each seem to cling to that specimen of elemental stuff which marks us out as something separate from, and independent of our fellow-mortals! What is this form to which my parents gave a distinctive name? It is just a mass of millions of whirling atoms, controlled by a central power, and every corner of it is in constant flux and change, yet possessing a sort of unity of its own which distinguishes it for the time being from every other assemblage of atoms in the universe. But this body is not "I", it is not myself. I never think of it as "me". *I* control and direct its activities. *I* am the self, into whose mysterious consciousness 'the world' of people and events constantly breaks through, sometimes with blows and pain and hurts, but also with all sorts of precious harmonies and wonderful suggestions, which awaken within me new feelings, guesses, questionings, desires and hopes. Although imprisoned in form, I am everywhere, wherever my voice or my influence goes. Sights, sounds, pains, pleasures, recurring memories, new sensations, are all strung together like so many beads. In hours of withdrawal—of meditation—of deep repose, only the string remains. This string is my real self—my ideal self—my soul or spirit. This is the unifying kernel or nucleus of the man, as distinguished from a mere

body. It takes up and incorporates the energy item of experience, all is necessary—the bad as well as the good—and, if we only wait a little, we never can tell what item, even of sorrow or pain, we could have afforded to omit. The thought of man at his best should fill us with wonder and awe; if he cannot adequately comprehend the idea of infinity, he cannot get along without it. His mind mirrors the universe. He actually weighs the stars, and measures the waves of light. He wrests nature into his service. In his integrity he is indestructible. He will suffer and die, but his spiritual life goes straight on, fearless of death. The best that is in him is ever growing, but has never attained his growth. The ideal, the true is ever beckoning him forward. As a matter of fact, the ideal self is more beautiful and complete in detail through each decade of any normal man's life. It is impossible, limited as we are, to see the wholeness and beauty of it at once. The time will come, however, when the accumulated experiences of the soul's pilgrimage through matter will disclose the divine meaning as they merge into the perfect whole—a glorious contribution to the One Life. The purposefulness of manifestation will then be seen in its true perspective and "We shall know as we are known".

If there is none other than God, "the Only Being", there must be an explanation of what is known as 'evil'—other than the existence of a rival deity called Satan. The personality and permanence of evil are unthinkable in the light of an Omnipotent, Omniscient and Omnipresent God. That such an illogical hypothesis should ever have obsessed the mind of intelligent, thinking men and women, is baffling in the extreme. We have long ceased to admit such a duality in the phenomenal world. The storm sweeps over the continent in unison with the heat-waves of the beneficent sun. No one dreams of seeking to abolish fire from the world because it will burn a finger or a city. The very thing which we call bad by itself ceases to be bad when seen in its relation to the whole. It is like the daub of paint on the picture, ugly when taken out of its place, but necessary to the painter's work.

Archdeacon Wilberforce rightly defines 'evil' as 'the friction created by the All-Father to stimulate the growth of Good, and excite the exercise of human volition, in the absence of which man would be an automaton. Evil has no existence *per se;* it is a form of inverted good.'

What a strange world this would be, without any contrasts, no pricks of pain or hunger or other urgency, no splendid risks or ventures; just one continuous flow of mild and futile breath ? Nothing would progress, nothing would grow without the urgency of at least some measure of contrast and so-called 'evil'. Why is moral evil so different from any other kind of contrast—such as partialness, imperfection, immaturity, and incidental disease—that we should have to invent a bogey to explain it ? What is sin ? Perhaps the analogy of good and bad art may help us here. We admit of no rift in the universe because the world is full of bad art work, for behind it all there rise the everlasting standards

of real beauty, which actually constitute a sort of tribute to the reality of good art. Its faults and its ugliness bring the simple laws of beauty into relief. Ought we to expect a different order in human conduct? From childhood we have, every mother's son of us, been growing up out of animalism. Sin, non-existent among animals, comes to view by virtue of the conception of an ideal and spiritual universe, in which we vision perfect social relations, each man just true, modest, faithful, exercising good-will towards every other man. Now, moral evil, like the bad art, is wherever this ideal fails of realization. Wherever sin is, the underlying condition is the back of good-will, that is, of social or spiritual life. There is actually no rift in the universe, because this high form of life *comes by growth.* We could all probably cite cases of moral evil so malicious and cruel as to seem at first to lend themselves to the theory of diabolical agency. Browning's Guide in *The Ring and the Book* is such an instance. If, however, we study, with due pity, the origin and growth of this kind of character, we find it always goes back for its root to the crude animal nature which we all share. The brute power, and even the intellect, left to act by themselves are dreadful. This is to say that an everlasting urgency exists to add love and make a complete man, an image of "The Only Being".

Deep down in the heart of man there is that which is ever seeking oneness with the All-Father or, in other words, complete realization of its divinity. There are some who couple free-will with license; but, as a matter of fact, *good-will is the only free-will*, as ill-will or self-will is constrained will, subject to frustration. God's will is the free-will, "*Whose service is perfect freedom.*" The presence of moral evil in the universe, therefore, no more breaks its integrity than the presence of green apples or blight in an orchard breaks the unity of the science of agriculture. We cannot even have ripe apples without first having green ones, and we can get rid of the blight. Alas, we all too readily settle down to our limitations, taking a too restricted view of life.

*"For, what we call this life of men on earth,*
*This sequence of the soul's achievements here*
*Being, as I find much reason to conceive,*
*Intended to be viewed eventually*
*As a great whole, not analysed to parts,*
*But each part having reference to all,—*
*How shall a certain part, pronounced complete,*
*Endure effacement by another part?"*

It matters little by what name we call our thought of the Divine Unity, "the Only Being". Some may call it "pantheism". God in all. All things exist in Him. "In Him we live and move and have our being." The only senseless kind of pantheism is the idea of a "fortuitous concourse of atoms" without a guiding principle. We cannot do otherwise than believe in a real universe dominated by good-will. To me this impression is the most enduring; in fact, other impressions seem to be flitting shadows of this one, all others are faint

in comparison. Life in the very lowest physical forms is everywhere pressing upwards into higher forms of life. Good-will animates all phenomena. We are only children of the universe; we do not make the power but only draw on it; we see moral standards, but do not invent them any more than we invent the patterns of the crystals; so we do not make good-will, but only use it. We are children of the good-will of the universe as we are children of its beauty or its power. We perceive in the Universe as well as in ourselves a principle of spiritual unity under the great names of Energy, Mind, Beauty, Goodness and Love. The universe thus appears to us in the terms of Person or God; but, in the case of God, as in the case of man, we do not mean limitation when we say 'person'. We mean the infinite and spiritual element in the Universe. Men say we see no sign of God. He is not in outward nature. He is not in the latest horrible tragedy reported in the morning paper. But do they ever pause to think that some tiny atom or corpuscle in their body might fail to find *them*—the presiding geniuses, and do deny their very existence, especially their integrity and good-will?

My good-will, while using every part and each corpuscle, and working in an actual harmony of all the parts, nevertheless, cannot reveal its whole self in every part. My nature is disclosed in the wholeness of my action. In like manner, if God is in each moment of time and each point of space, yet all of God is not comprehended in every point and every moment.

God is the life of every living thing, He is "the Only Being"; for nothing exists apart from Him. He builds up the life man, half animal and half child with gleams of the light of Deity in the faces of mothers and infants. And by and by there stand out heroes, singers, teachers, true-hearted, modest and fearless, Messiahs, Mahatmas, sons of God. There can be no difficulty in our recognizing the reality of God as soon as the wholeness and perfectness of the divine nature shines forth. We need must love the Highest when we see it. The most sceptical corpuscle in me would be satisfied, I trust, if I could make him see what I am about whenever the best self in me rules my life. I have dealt with no abstract God, no mere mind or thought. "The Only Being". includes all energy, consciousness, joy and beauty and, most important of all, good-will; for justice and truth are only forms or bye-products of good-will. I believe that there is both sympathy and sorrow with the Eternal. "Perfect through suffering" is the most profound of philosophies. God could not be God in the nature of Good-will and not suffer in and with His growing and travailing creation. It may be a mystery, but is none the less true. So far from this being a limitation upon perfect love, it is the fulfilment of love in God or man. Truly, it is glorious to be alive! to realize that we are "Workers together with God," and to contemplate the glory that awaits us in the final consummation of the Divine Good-will.

*"Therefore to whom turn I but to*
*Thee, the ineffable name?*
*Builder and maker, Thou, of houses*
*not made with hands!*
*What? have fear of change from*
*Thee, who art ever the same?*
*Doubt that Thy power can fill the*
*heart that Thy power expands?*
*There shall never be one lot good!*
*What was shall live as before;*
*The evil is null, is nought, is silence*
*implying sound;*
*What was good shall be good with*
*for evil, so much good more;*
*On the earth the broken arcs; in the*
*heaven, a perfect round."*

# The Problem of Life.

By Vishnuprasad V. Baxi, M. A.

THINKERS and Philosophers in every age have tried to find an answer to the mysterious problem presented by that one word 'Life' and most of them have been able, if not to solve the eternal riddle it presents in its entirety, to arrive at a partial solution. Partial, because in its finality the term Life connotes an indefinable and everlasting Cosmos, which baffles all description. For Life and the Infinite are one, the life here being a sportive gesture of the Infinite manifesting itself in various ways. It is therefore that where thinkers and philosophers have failed, the Seer succeeds. For the Seer does not attempt to comprehend intellectually the sublime mysteries of the Life Infinite like the thinker and the philosopher, but tries to identify himself with this Eternal source of all things, whence emanates all that is commonly termed 'Life' in this finite world.

What is life, therefore, has been a question often asked and has more often remained unanswered for most of the human beings. The Seers of the glorious past have, however, answered this question definitely and unequivocally and asked the enquirer literate or illiterate, to seek for an answer, not in book or theories but in himself; for no book or theory, however great and grand in its teaching, can provide for the enquirer a complete solution. It certainly chalks out a line and opens up a path for the human traveller on life's journey to tread along; but the journey will be unending until the traveller stops his eternal enquiry at every wayside inn and finds out from within the end of his journey. Till this is done the search for the end remains a journey in a circle.

This eternal question was put by Rāma to Vaśiṣṭha and the result was an answer in 32,000 illuminating verses of high philosophical instruction contained in the 'Yogavāśiṣṭha Rāmāyaṇa'. The problem of life as it seemed to him was placed by bewildered Arjuna before Lord Kṛṣṇa and is answered in unequivocal terms in the grand synthesis of teachings in the *Bhagavadgītā*. And yet Vaśiṣṭha and Lord Kṛṣṇa, though illuminating the path of their enquirers in all directions by the powerful torch of their divine experiences, have each asked him to find out the solution for himself from within. Vaśiṣṭha tells Rāma that what is commonly called Life in this world is nothing but a projection of the mind, which creates a chimera of false experiences and, believing them to be real, entangles itself in their meshes; that it is the mind which is dressed in ignorance that raises the problems of life which are as unreal as bubbles in the waters of a mirage. For mind, which is the Life, is the Self. It cannot be differentiated from Self. Only through ignorance it creates problems which like so many waves in the ocean are nothing but the changing unreal forms

of the same unchanging unreal water. Except Self, therefore, nothing exists. Self is Life; Self is God; Self is the highest Truth.

Lord Kṛṣṇa similarly tells Arjuna that the unreal described by ignorant men as life does not exist. "The real Self is never non-existent. The Seers have arrived at these conclusions. The appearances of the world are a huge delusion created by ignorant persons from themselves, men who have not realized Me, who am the Self, the life of all life, in whom everything in the whole Universe, animate or inanimate, lives and moves and has its being. Seek thyself, therefore, and resort in Me who am that Self and thou shalt surely get over all the seeming problems raised by the illusory life in this world."

The Upaniṣads have also the same tale to tell and in all the various philosophical teachings the essence is the same, though the method employed might be different.

The world consists of pairs of opposites, Life and Death, Happiness and Misery, Joy and Sorrow, etc. and, when one is tossed to and fro between these pairs of opposites and is lost in the maze of contradictory experiences, he cries out for a solution of the eternal problem presented by his life here. He does not understand Death and is anxious to avoid this inevitable Destiny. He wants to reach a stage where there is no life or death, but where there is Life Infinite; but in the whirlpool of contradictory experiences he seeks what he wants, not from within but from without. His attempt is as futile as a child's to drive out the demon of imagination conjured by his mind's eye in front of him. These pairs of opposites, the Vedāntīs have time and again said, are nothing but the different attitudes of self transforming itself into the mind through ignorance. Physical objects have in themselves no power to create either happiness or misery and it is only when the mind of man forms a particular attitude towards them, that it feels through the senses the different states and gives its changing experiences equally changing names of pain, pleasure, etc.

Viewed in this light, the problem of life ceases to be a problem at all. For the term 'problem' signifies a state of uncertainty, doubt and difficulty, which are the outcome of ignorance. That which is real and unchanging offers no problem. It is the changing and unreal that raises a storm of questions. The Infinite is beyond mind, speech or intellect. The search for an answer, therefore, to this self-created enigma from outside sources is as futile as a deer's search for water from the proverbial mirage or the fool's search for a hare's horns. Since all life emanates from the Self that is within—Self which is the centre of all objects, which is the central pivot round which the whole creation revolves, which is the Life Infinite—its mysteries can be fathomed by shedding the light of intellect in the inner chambers of one's self and seeing light in apparent darkness, which is unreal, instead of using it to find light in the outward life, which is a false reflection of the Life Infinite.

One whose intellect has been thus occupied is therefore regarded as a Seer,

a *sthitaprajña* and every attempt, however small, at becoming a Seer—a Seer of the Life Infinite—is a noble and sublime pursuit, which, while it gradually minimizes the seeming problem of Life here, ultimately dissolves it and reveals to the aspirant that in its final analysis all life is Life Infinite.

# Message from Within.

( From a Sannyasi living on the holy Banks of the Ganges. )

Dear Soul,

WHY so meek and sad? Cheer up. Cheer up. Know thyself. Shun these temporary connections with this mortal coil. Why do you run after these imitations and shadowlike things in this so-called fleeting universe? Do not get yourself intoxicated with the so-called glory of birth, pomp, dignity and so-called worldly elevation. Dear, don't you know the Real Source of this temporary happiness or the joyful reflective light which falls on the things in this transient and fleeting universe? It all comes from the Ever-shining *Ātmā*. So, dear, stop running after these imitations and shadows, but, instead, put forward all your exertions and energies in securing the Main Source of Light and Happiness, which is *Ātmā* and *Ātmā* alone. Beware and bear in mind that without merging yourself in the Main Fountain of Light and Happiness, which is *Ātmā*, no end will come to these worldly miseries. So, better gird up your loins, exercise all your might and force to remove away all these so-called thorns and hindrances put before you. But remember one thing. Every bit of effort which is undertaken to realize, must accompany patience, perseverance, strong will, boldness, discrimination, holiness, renunciation, righteousness and unswerving faith in *Ātmā* and Guide. Remember: "To seek happiness is to lose happiness." So first give up worldly happiness and then seek for the Eternal One. If you once happen to drink the *Amṛta* or the Supreme Nectar, your hunger and thirst are quenched for ever. Then you will be master of all you survey. Emperor of the emperors you will be. Everything will obey your command. The whole universe will dance to your tune. You will find yourself seated in every heart. You will be yourself OM. But the chief thing is, first dive deep into the Main Fountain of Nectar and, to achieve this object, put forward all your efforts, go to secluded places, perform penances and austerities, take the help of those who are God-realized, read the lives of great men to make your life sublime, and lastly, work with profound faith and strong will until you reach your goal. Never mind if you are unable to achieve the object in this life; you are bound to achieve it in the next. Seed once sowed must grow into a tree bearing flowers and fruits. The same fact Science strongly proves: "Energy is never lost." Wait patiently; bear manfully. Battle of Liberty, once begun, never ends

till it is won. So, be up and doing, with heart for any fate, and "still achieving, still pursuing, learn to labour and to wait."

In connection with the above Realization let me tell you one thing which is of great importance on the above subject. Suppose there is a vessel which you wish to fill with water up to the brim, but there is a hole at the bottom of the very pot. Now you go on pouring water in the pot for a good number of days continuously, but the result will come to nought; for the water that you will pour will absolutely, run out of the pot. Similarly, if there is any slight attachment to the worldly things, all the efforts to realize yourself will prove fruitless. This very fact Science strongly and boldly asserts as follows. "Two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time." So work, work with complete renunciation and non-attachment to the worldly objects. And, if you follow the above instructions and work accordingly, you are sure to gain the object and be ever happy and joyous till Eternity.

"Arise, awake and stop not till thy goal is reached."

# Saint Nilambar Das.

SAINT Nilambar Das belonged to a high class Brahman family of Northern India. He was blessed with all that one should like to possess in the world,—a pious, graceful wife, well-behaved children, loving relations and friends and enough of the wherewithal for a worldly life, *i. e.*, wealth. Over and above all this, Nilambar Das and his family enjoyed a very good reputation.

From his very childhood Nilambar Das was religious-minded, pious, charitable and generous. On account of his constant association with Sadhus and Mahatmas, he had also picked up something of the realization of the great Self. With his daily worship of the Lord, he had gradually learnt to detach himself from the world and its enjoyments. He was confirmed in the belief that sense-objects were a great illusion, that the world-enjoyments were brief, transitory and fleeting.

Nilambar Das had slowly loosened all ties that bound him to the world. He began to think that his life was a useless thing if it concerned itself merely with wife, sons, wealth and fame. As this thought obsessed him off and on, he began to feel the necessity of renouncing the world and, one day, he made up his mind and during night stealthily left his house.

Nilambar Das forthwith directed his foot-steps towards Jagannath ( Puri ); but he took great care to avoid the usual route, so that his people may not overtake him.

In the morning, when he was not to be found at his place, his people thought that he might have gone out for a bath. They did not mind much till it was time to take the morning meals. Finding that he had not returned even then, they felt disconsolate. Having done all that they could to search him

out, the family after all had to take the event more or less philosophically. In course of time they became reconciled to their lot, giving up Das as having proceeded to some place of pilgrimage, as he was since long intending to do.

Nilambar Das was running for his destination. He knew no fatigue. He was like a child snatched from the lap of the mother, proceeding with all possible speed towards the mother. And on the way he cried and wept like unto a babe. He chanted the name of the Lord and went on and on. He had no knowledge as to where and in what direction he was proceeding. He was content only in the thought that he was longing for a *Darśana* of the Lord at Puri, and for the rest he was sure that the Lord Himself would direct his feet.

Jagannath ( Puri ) was no small distance from the village of Nilambar Das. The saint, unmindful of hunger or thirst or fatigue or sleep, was pressing on and on without a stoppage.

After journeying for a number of days and after crossing many a desolate forest, nullahs and hills and dales, Nilambar Das arrived at the banks of the Ganges. It was the rainy season. The Ganges was in full flood. The other bank was not at all visible. The surging waves were frightful even to look at from a distance.

Nilambar Das had to cross the river. It was not possible to do so without a boat. But for water on all sides and the sky above, even a bird was not to be seen. After the forced marches that Nilambar Das had performed, he was very tired. The sun was about to set. Far from a habitation being visible, so far as the eye could see, no trace of a living being was forthcoming. Accordingly, it was not possible for him to enquire or know as to how far away was the ghat.

In sheer despair Nilambar Das began to chant the name of the Lord. Before he had been long at it, he saw a fisherman spreading his net for catching fish and slowly coming over to and approaching Nilambar Das. He was immensely pleased to catch sight of the fisherman and his boat. He thanked the Lord and began to shout for the fisherman, saying "O brother, row up the boat towards me and save me, a distressed Brahman, by taking me across. I will pay you whatever you ask for."

The fisherman rowed the boat towards him and took Nilambar Das into it. Both were beside themselves for joy and thanked the Lord, each for his own reason. Nilambar Das was pining for a *Darśana* of the Lord and wanted to be at Puri as soon as possible. He thanked God for having been provided with a boat so soon. The fisherman thanked the Lord for having got a weak, helpless man into his clutches. He had made up his mind to take him as far as the mid-stream and there to kill him, so that he might rob him of what he might have got on his person. The poor fisherman did not know that, however cleverly he might propose, the power to dispose of things was not with him. It was quite distinct and very much above and beyond his ken.

Nilambar Das on seeing that the fisherman, instead of carrying him

across, was taking him along the river, said, "Brother, you look to be a very bold and intrepid fellow. Very few can dare take the boat into the river when it is in flood. But, my brother, the sun is about to set. It is better to cross the river while still there is light; so you had better row across rather than along the river."

The fisherman had something different in his mind. So he did not deign to hear. He continued rowing on midstream. Instead of giving a reply to what Nilambar Das had said, he smiled and turned his face away from him. From this behaviour of the fisherman Nilambar Das began to smell mischief. He felt confused; but then, mustering courage, he said in a full voice, "Well, fellow, what do you mean? Have you any designs upon me? I have to see how you bring the fulfilment thereof about." At this feigned bravado of Nilambar Das the fisherman laughed outright and in a deep frightful tone said, "Oh, what a brave soldier you are! Know that death is coming to you in no time. Now prepare, remember whomsoever you wish; I will make you reach Jagannath Puri presently."

On hearing this, Nilambar Das felt frightened. He had no fear of death. What he was afraid of was death before he had had a *Darśana* of the Lord. He began to think of the Lord, who is the shelter of all and who is the only prop and support of the weak. He said, "O Lord, O Merciful Lord, protect me. You have saved so many. I am at Thy feet and am face to face with a danger in the boat which none else but Thou hast provided me with. Lord, save me till I have had a *Darśana* of Thy gracious form and thereafter do with me and my body as Thou choosest."

The Lord, the protector of His Bhaktas, at once heard the call. He forthwith appeared in the guise of a stalwart Rajput on the bank and began to shout, "O fisherman, row the boat at once towards the bank, otherwise beware of the peril to thy own life."

The full, valorous voice coming out of the throat of Śrī Hari made the fisherman tremble; but, pretending not to have heard the call, he continued rowing midstream as before.

The Lord gave another shout; but, finding that the fisherman would not mind, he discharged an arrow from his bow, which struck the boat. The sound of the arrow on its being released from the bow confounded the fisherman and the divine fire that the arrow seemed to shed on all sides frightened him. He began to think within himself, "Oh, how shall I fare if the Brahman relates the whole story to him? He will surely kill me; but I cannot be saved by not going to the bank either."

After much cogitation he turned towards the bank and, on reaching it, fell prostrate at the feet of the Rajput. Nilambar Das felt dazed. He did not know whether all that he saw was a fact or a dream.

The illusory Rajput cursed the fisherman and said, "O foul being, don't you know that I am continually on the watch and am always catching robbers like yourself. Tell me who is there to save you if I chop off your head this very instant."

The fisherman was totally confounded. He lay there at the feet of the Rajput like a dead man and would not stir at all. Then the Lord, addressing Nilambar Das in a soft tone, said, "Brahman, you may get out of the boat. Perhaps you do not know that I am a servant of the Raja of this country and it is my duty to guard this bank and the forest near by. I am here to punish those people who cause suffering to travellers or who rob them. That is why I have on my person the bow and the arrows."

Nilambar Das said, "Brother, I am blessed in having had your *Darśana.* You have saved me from the jaws of death and for this I cannot be sufficiently grateful to you. I am intensely longing for a *Darśana* of the Lord. I have given up all for that. Therefore, pray let me know the way to Puri, so that I may have a *Darśana* of the Lord of Nīlāchala."

The Rajput replied, "Brahman, since you have given up your hearth and home for getting a *Darśan* of the Lord you must needs have it. Your desire cannot remain unfulfilled. The Lord of the Universe must help you. This is a poor little stream for you to go across; you seem to have acquired the right and privilege of crossing the Great Ocean of Transmigration."

After thus consoling the Brahman, the Rajput addressed the fisherman, "Look here, it will serve you no purpose to be lying like a dead body at my feet. Rise up and take this Brahman across the river. Take him to the other bank immediately, within my sight, and mind that I have an arrow in my hands."

Hearing this from the lips of the Rajput, the fisherman seemed to have come back to life. He bowed before the Rajput and apologized for what he had been thinking of doing. He made Nilambar Das sit comfortably in the boat and began to row across. The mind of the fisherman was entirely metamorphosed. Instead of harbouring the ideas of 'kill and loot' in his mind, he was now chanting the Name of the Lord as he rowed the boat.

The boat reached the other bank. Nilambar Das got out of it and the Lord, in the guise of the Rajput at the other bank, disappeared. The mind of the fisherman was full of penitence. He fell at the feet of Nilambar Das and asked for pardon. Nilambar Das blessed him and proceeded. After crossing several hills and forests and passing through several towns and cities, Das reached Jagannath Puri.

As it happened, it was the day of the Ratha-Yātrā. The sky was resounding with the cries of "Hari-Hari" and "Jai-Jai". The whole town was full of the melody of sweet songs sung to the Lord by ladies and by the harmony produced by playing on numberless musical instruments. Dancing and Kirtan was being performed by thousands of devotees. There was this melody to meet the ears wherever they turned, and the eyes, whichever side they looked, they met with those sights of devotional ecstasy.

Śrī Balarāma, Śrī Subhadrā and Śrī Jagannathji were carried in separate chariots. The devotees were pulling on the chariot with great zeal. The attendants with their hands uplifted

were dancing and singing. Others were clapping and frisking to tune. If there were some who were shedding little streamlets of tears of joy, there were others who stood quite dazed and motionless. Nilambar Das also approached the chariots. His joy at the *Darśana* was unbounded. The pangs of hunger and thirst and the pain caused by exposure to heat and cold and other petty mishaps on the way were all forgotten.

Nilambar Das and the Lord were face to face, eyes met with eyes. The Saint, lost in the Lord, said what he had to say. And, in another instant, Nilambar Das came down with a thud at the feet of the Lord. The attendants wanted to lift him up; but, on approaching Nilambar Das, they found that life had flown away. The Saint who was chanting the blessed Name of the Lord only an instant before was no longer in the land of the living. He had become one with the Lord. *

# My Beloved.

My Friend, my Beloved,
Dear to me in life and death,
What's the world to me
Bereft of Thee ?
Void, darkness, all dead.

The wind whispers Thy praise to me,
The brook "babbles over the pebbles"—Glory unto Thee
In the autumn distance I see
The blue of Thy eyes.
The sun reminds me Thy greatness
As it does.

Peace ? Happiness ?
I want them not;
And Heaven without Thee
I loath.
Shelter in Thy lotus feet
That's all I want, Beloved, all I seek.

—*Makhan Prasad Dowera.*

* Translated by Balmukund Verma.

# Head or Heart ?

By Vidyanand, M. A., L. T.

*"Render unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar and unto God what belongs to God."*

HEAD is the greatest statesman; heart, the greatest poet. Both have their own part to play: one in the world of matter, and the other in the world of spirit. Head walks cautiously, it thinks twice, it reasons coolly; heart soars, it is swayed by feelings, it is most uncautious. Head believes in second thought, it polishes and repolishes; heart believes in first thought, it is ever spontaneous and fresh. Head is a gentleman of society; heart, a recluse of the forest. Head puts on fashionable dress, heart appears naked. Head governs, heart conquers. Head is a scholar, it is a critic, it is ambitious, it is pushing. Heart is practical, it is original, it is earnest, it is quiet. Head shouts but absorbs nothing. Heart is quiet, but it absorbs all. Head is fearless, for it cares little for others; heart is full of feelings and melts for others. Head is a scientist; heart, an artist. Head lives on reason; heart, on feelings. Head is suspicious and full of doubts, heart assures and believes. Head fights in the battle-field, heart looks after the fallen and the wounded. Head faces difficulties with an iron will, heart welcomes them smilingly. World is the manifestation of head; God, of heart. Let us render unto Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar and unto God what belongs to God. This is the way to be happy. If we turn the tables, we are doomed to everlasting agony.

World wants etiquette, it cares for decency, it believes in hypocrisy. God wants to meet us naked, as we are; He wants simplicity and sincerity both. World wants show, it likes empty talk, it wants to make a fool of others. God wants real love, He likes silent expression, He wants mutual absorption. Let us not be a slave to reason in the subtle regions of the woods of Realization. Let us also not lose our heart in the gross desert of material world, otherwise both will die of starvation and suffocation. Their end will be tragic. Both will find desolation and destruction. There will be misunderstanding, there will be collision. Such a man is a misfit everywhere. We cannot afford to act as a child and yet be a man of the world, just as we cannot be a diplomat and yet a devotee of God. Swami Vivekanand must bid good-bye to his logic before he can be a disciple of Ramakrishna Paramhansa. And later on he can use logic, not as a master but as a servant. World has its glory in logic, but God, in pure heart. The two are poles asunder. They are like the opposite currents of the ocean.

Now the question is as to which is superior. Head is lofty no doubt, but heart occupies the central place. As such it has a greater influence and can work wonders. It can pervade head. It can wield an unfathomable influence in the whole of the human kingdom.

It is difficult to withstand its strong current. Even head cannot refuse its call. Its force is the force of love. Poor head may feel proud of his lofty pedestal, but it is impotent unless it has heart by its side. It gives life to head. It is the salt of life. It gives a charm to the work of head. It can awaken the dormant potentialities of the head and develop it to such an extent as to make intuition the source of all knowledge. Head must be connected with heart if it wants a healthy development. Left to itself it turns crafty and takes the way to hell. It requires the constant guidance of heart. We cannot afford to neglect the education of heart. To neglect that is to neglect life—a great blunder indeed.

And what is the education of heart ? It is to keep alive the living flame in it, to pump in the idea of God-consciousness. It is good to sympathize with all, but we should be careful that our heart does not go astray in the wilderness and lose its way. It is the temple of God and is meant for Him alone. It should not be turned into an inn where all and sundry can take shelter. Only the chosen few are to have their access in that temple—God or His lovers.

# Worship the Lord in your own house.

By Jayadayal Goyandka.

ALTHOUGH I find myself unable to say anything in regard to the question whether the Lord ever appeared in person before me, I can assure my readers with all the emphasis at my command that the Lord is certainly pledged to appear in person before him who surrenders himself to the Lord and worships Him with disinterested love. The Lord Himself says:—

भक्त्या त्वनन्यया शक्य अहमेवंविधोऽर्जुन ।
ज्ञातुं द्रष्टुं च तत्त्वेन प्रवेष्टुं च परंतप ॥

( *Gītā* XI. 54 )

"But by devotion to Me alone I may thus be perceived, Arjuna, and known and seen in essence, and entered into, O vanquisher of foes."

Thus it is proved that through exclusive devotion to the Lord it is possible to perceive Him with one's own eyes. Of course, some *Sādhanā* is necessary for acquiring such undivided devotion. It is possible to acquire such single-minded devotion for one who performs all his worldly duties for His sake, chanting His name and thinking of Him in his mind all the while. A man endowed with such devotion not only acquires sanctity himself but he can sanctify the whole world by his devotional feelings. One single member of a household who succeeds in obtaining a vision of the Lord through exclusive devotion sanctifies the whole family. The scripture says:—

कुलं पवित्रं जननी कृतार्था
वसुन्धरा पुण्यवती च तेन ।
अपारसंवित्सुखसागरेऽस्मिन्
लीनं परे ब्रह्मणि यस्य चेतः ॥

"He sanctifies his family, blesses his own mother and renders the land in which he is born meritorious, whose mind has merged in the Supreme *Brahma*, the ocean of boundless knowledge and bliss."

The sage Nārada says:—

कण्ठावरोधरोमाञ्चाश्रुभिः परस्परं लपमानाः पावयन्ति कुलानि पृथिवीं च ।

तीर्थीकुर्वन्ति तीर्थानि सुकर्मीकुर्वन्ति कर्माणि सच्छास्त्रीकुर्वन्ति शास्त्राणि ।

( *Bhakti-Sūtras* 68, 69 )

"These blessed ones ever converse with each other of their love with a choking voice, with tears in their eyes, and with a thrill in their bodies. Purified are the families of such men, and purified is their land. They make the holy places holier, righteous actions more righteous, and sacred books more sacred."

Sage Nārada further says:—

मोदन्ते पितरो नृत्यन्ते देवताः सनाथा चेयं भूर्भवति ।

"At the advent of such devotees the spirits of their forefathers rejoice, the gods dance and the earth feels secure."

The *Padmapurāṇa,* too, contains a similar statement. It says:—

आस्फोटयन्ति पितरो नृत्यन्ति च पितामहाः ।
मद्वंशे वैष्णवो जातः स नस्त्राता भविष्यति ॥

"The parents of such devotees rejoice by striking on their arms, while their grandparents dance out of joy at the thought that a *Vaiṣṇava* ( a devotee of Viṣṇu ) has been born in their family, who will prove their redeemer."

Such is the evidence of the scriptures, quotations from which can be multiplied. In fact, the heart of such a devotee becomes a veritable shrine, while his house is converted into a place of pilgrimage. Hence it behoves all of us to do our level best to acquire such exclusive devotion to the Lord. For this one has to fix his mind on the Lord and to spend his time in serving Him. As a means to this end, if every one of us instals in his house an image or picture of the Lord according to his liking and worships the Lord through that image or picture regularly every day, one can easily develop the habit of applying his mind and devoting his time to the service of the Lord.

Fortunately for us we have in this country a number of temples containing an image of one or other of the various manifestations of the Lord, and it is highly beneficial to visit these shrines. But, in the first place, we do not have such temples in every locality and, moreover, due to Shastraic injunctions the doors of these temples are not open to all and even those who can enter their portals cannot worship the Deity with their own hands and according to their own will except in a few cases. Thirdly, the management of all these temples is not satisfactory and, lastly, all the members of a family including ladies, children and old folk cannot visit them regularly every day. In our houses, however, all of us can afford to have a metal or stone image or a picture of any of the various manifestations of the Lord and worship the Lord through that image or picture according to our own belief. If one starts worshipping

the Lord in his house every day, he has necessarily to devote a good deal of his time in remembrance of the Lord while collecting materials of worship, stringing wreaths of flowers, and so on. Even children take great delight in all this and are trained in this work. From their very infancy they develop Saṃskāras (impressions) of devotion to God. They forget their idle pursuits and their mind begins to take delight in this noble work. Impressions created in one's mind at an early age prove very useful at a later stage of one's life. The Saṃskāras of image-worship imprinted on the young and facile mind of Mira Bai and other devotees were mainly responsible for the development of *Bhakti* in their life at a mature age. Those who have started this work in their houses have gradually developed faith in and devotion to God.

I, therefore, humbly request all of my readers, even those who do not believe in the Hindu scriptures, to start this work immediately in their houses. Along with such worship all the inmates of the house, including ladies and children, should take to the repetition of the Divine Name individually as well as collectively. The duty of conducting the worship may be entrusted to one individual only, but all other members, too, should be allowed the privilege of worshipping the Deity. In the absence of the husband, for instance, the wife should conduct the worship and *vice versa*. The long and short of it is that a part of the time should be devoted to this work daily. This will surely tend to develop faith in and devotion to God in the whole family. Those who like to and can do so should also undertake mental worship of the Lord along with this external worship, as the former is even more efficacious. I once more request the readers to start this work in their houses and see for themselves what results it brings to them. I have no other means of bringing home to them the great efficacy of such worship.

(*Kalyan*)

Scholars versed in politics, Vedic lore, Scriptural Knowledge and the science of astrology, can be had in large numbers; those who have acquired knowledge of the Supreme (*Brahma*) can also be found; but those who have discovered their own ignorance are rarely to be found.

—*Appayya Dīkṣita.*

If you do not succeed in laying your hands on a pearl in one dive do not think that the bottom of the sea does not contain pearls. God on striving with patience and you will surely be able to win the grace of the Lord when the time comes for it.

—*Paramahaṃsa Rāmakrishnadeva.*

# God, The Great Reality.

*( The All-pervading motive Power. )*

By H. Shrinivas.

Is it possible in these days of outward refinement and growing materialism to realize the living God of the Universe? This is a question of questions, the fact of existence of God is a sacred mystery. We can no more banish God from our minds than we can banish our own eye and the objects around us. God is an omnipotent spirit. How many of us, alas, turn away from Him! It is because of the worldly habits and carnal propensities. The vision of God is a priceless thing, to be attained at the cost of life itself.

In the human and animal creatures we see around us, in the earth below and the heavens above, in the light and in the air, in the sea and in the ocean, in the hill and in the mountain, in the world without and within, in history and in biography, what is the single force that pervades all, supports and quickens all, and which gives to both mind and matter all their vitality and energy? What is it that lies at the root of all the movements of matter and thought in the world? What occult force is that which nourishes and quickens all the known and undiscovered forces? This is God-force. To the pure in heart the *Sanctum Sanctorum*, the Holy of Holies, reveals itself and they see how Divinity, far away in the solemn stillness and solitude of that inmost Sanctuary, is secretly working out His end. His wise and benevolent scheme works out His Great Purpose and moves the vast Universe. The pure in heart perceive that a sacred halo encircles the face of creation—that a Heavenly Hand upholds all things. The same celestial force shines everywhere, acting and interacting through the various forces in the world. Oh, the mystery of the measured beat of the pulse in the right arm! What is it that lies concealed within the fold of the arteries, that causes this strange thing called pulsation? Is it a dead physical force and nothing more? There is within the human body a living force emanating from God, which sustains the entire system. This is a fact and an undeniable reality. What is this mysterious propulsion of vital fluid through the arteries to the remotest parts of the body? Is it forcible propulsion of blood and is it blood-force? This is undoubtedly the mysterious work of the Living God plying the machinery of the blood-system within. And whence comes the breath so essential to life? Who moves this curious respiratory apparatus within? Is it mere physical force that causes this breathing? Can matter breathe? It is nothing but the Higher Power which makes the lungs give out noxious air and take in fresh air, which gives life and vitality to the human body. Beneath

the respiratory agency is the muscular force, which is nothing but the living force of God that supports the ceaseless activity of inhalation and exhalation. Though dead and dark, the human body becomes, when lighted with the light of God-force, a very Temple of the Living God. It does not creep on earth, but stands erect and moves and speaks—it is a Sanctuary of the Living God.

Similarly with regard to the whole Universe. The secret springs of Divine Machinery are keeping up the Universe in working order. Each wheel has its own function to perform; the Primary Force guides, quickens and regulates the movements of all the wheels, giving them Law and Method, Force and Harmony. The Hidden Force is there, but it is not the privilege of all of us to understand the Divine Purpose.

Look at a mighty tree—how it grows; its branches and leaves multiply month after month, year after year. Have many of us often wondered how it grows? It pines and sinks in winter, but with the approach of spring it is again clothed with life and beauty. If the roots of the tree are unearthed, the hidden cause that keeps the branches and the leaves in freshness and continued growth is revealed. The roots explain the uprising and growth of the splendid tree. The roots send up vital juice to the branches and leaves and keep them fresh. As the roots explain the tree, the root-force upholds this Universe and explains it.

It is a mistaken notion that man sustains and nourishes himself. The blood in the human system cannot go forth without the Divine Will; neither can the human hand rise—the Lord is in the muscles and in the arms, and indeed in all the muscular force. Beneath the muscular force there is that Immanent Force—that Living Force, the source of heat and light, of wisdom and power, sustaining things and keeping up this vast Universe. The world is full of God, full of the Fire of Divine Force. If the Central Force is withdrawn, in a moment the whole creation disappears. From morning till night the All-Merciful God is with us, in our uprising and downsitting, feeding and nourishing us, and leading us by the Unseen Hand through the path of life. Not only in contemplation and prayer but in all the secular details of our life, nay, in all our activities Divinity pervades—in short, 'we live and move and have our being in Him.' But unbelievers have ascribed to human agency things which belong to God. In God-force they live; yet they boast of their independence and their self-sufficiency.

It is the men of faith—those simple folks, those virtuous saints that perpetually live in God-vision. The eye of faith sees the Divine Hand in all things good and beautiful, in all things great and small. Friends, let Faith and Hope fill our hearts and souls. Let us rejoice in the thought of God and may millions in one united chorus sing His Glory!

# The Marvellous Powers of a Yogi.

By S. Bradbury Flint, "Resurgam."

PREVIOUS to this series of incidents, during the whole ten years of my stay in India as a district representative of a British commercial firm, I had no time to spare, nor any inclination to do so, on religious mendicants or "Yogis" of Hindustan.

I had, of course, seen many of them in the streets, had emphatically pronounced them as "Bunkum", until one day I met Swami Raju Krishna, and learned that there are more powers at work in man than the practical Occidental mind thinks possible.

It was during the summer of 1930. I had left broiling Lahore and embarked on a shikaring and fishing trip into the Kulu and Kangra Valleys. It had been my intention to shikar in the southern slopes of the Dhaula Dhar Range and then to wend my way down the upper reaches of the Beas River seeking the "mighty mahseer".

At the end of the leisurely first day's trek, from the rail-head at Jogindar Nagar, through glorious scenery, I arrived within a mile of a few scattered huts. Here I decided to make camp. Leaving the old hunter and my servant to arrange things, I made my way towards the huts with hopes of purchasing such fresh supplies as were obtainable and also to hire a couple of men to act as carriers of the camp equipment. As I strolled along the narrow track, smoking my beloved pipe and thinking of the unlucky devils still on the plains, I was arrested by a movement in the path about four yards in front of me. I stopped abruptly as I saw the swaying and darting head of an angry cobra with hood extended.

Whilst I was considering whether to retire gracefully and wish the cobra the best of luck, for there was not much space on that narrow path running round the hillside, or to risk a blow with my walking stick, I heard a voice speaking in Hindustani which said, "Walk on, Sahib, do not hesitate or the snake will know that you are afraid." I walked straight ahead, though my heart appeared to be in the vicinity of my mouth. As I started walking, however, the snake slid to the ground and remained motionless, so much so that, when I reached it, it was lying rigid.

I looked up from the snake to where, seated on the hillside, was a Yogi with the clean-cut, serene face of a true ascetic and raven black hair resting on his shoulders. His vermilion caste-marks stood out in high contrast with his dusky complexion and striking saffron robes, but the most striking features of this personage were his eyes; these were large even for an Indian, black, and can only be described as piercing.

I called out to him, climbed up to where he was, and found him seated on a flat stone at the mouth of a small cave in the hillside. For what he had

done I thanked him and asked if there was anything that I could do for him. To this he replied, "There is nothing I require at present." I stayed for a short time and conversed with him of things in general in India.

As I was about to depart, I asked him how the snake had dropped dead at that precise moment. He answered that the snake was not dead, for it was against his caste to kill anything except in self-defence; it had only been rendered harmless. But the ways of doing that would not be understood by the "Sahib Log." To this I replied that, although I was an Occidental, I was quite willing to hear and learn. So, with a promise that he would explain it at some other time, I departed.

That was my introduction to Swami Raju Krishna, and I found his speech so interesting and enlightening that I not only stayed in that camp more than two or three days, as I had proposed, but for the remainder of my leave, much to the disgust of the Shikari, and was even then sorry when it terminated.

Our conversations were not always of things in general, sometimes he would tell me of his early life; how, as a disciple to a priest of his sect in a temple, and later as a disciple to a wandering Yogi, he had learned the mysteries of life; and how he had enlarged his knowledge whilst serving his period of "penance" in the bare hills to the North, with only the wild beasts for companions.

How, in his theory of the transmigration of souls, he believed that human beings inherited some of the characteristic marks of their former animal lives, in their faces and hands, in their mode of living and their minds, and that these composed the factors of a person's character and the reason for many of his or her actions.

He gave me an exposition:—The lion would kill and eat the flesh of its kill, but would rather die of starvation than eat the flesh of a carcass that had been killed by some other animal or that had died. Whereas the jackal would not kill but feed entirely on the dead flesh left by other animals or of those that had died or even thrown away as garbage. So it was with human beings: some would battle royally against great odds and overcome them but would disdain to war with odds that they knew they could easily overpower. Whereas others, not willing to stand even a chance of defeat, would pick as their opponents only people who they knew could not put up any stout resistance.

I asked him if he could delineate my character from the little he knew and could see of me. He replied that I was as an open book. He portrayed my character, telling me my strong points and my weak ones. How, because of the former, I had succeeded in some business ventures, and how, because of the latter, I had lost on others. Here was a very knotty problem indeed. How in the name of all that is wonderful could a man who had undoubtedly never been inside a business office tell these things.

He then turned to my past, and his version was most startingly accurate. He told me of my birth, not only the year, the date and the time, but also mentioned the fact that I was born

whilst a blizzard was in progress. This was quite enough to convince me—or anyone, I think, who had previously been sceptic of these strange powers—that I had been "barking up the wrong tree."

He then continued by telling me how I had at the age of three undergone a minor operation and, pointing to the place, told me that I still carried the scar made by the doctor's knife; on to many half-forgotten incidents of my school days, and how I had lost my father in the Great War in Europe; how I came to be in India and also that I was contemplating marriage in the not too distant future, but that circumstances would necessitate the marriage taking place six months previous to the time arranged.

Showing a photograph of my fiancee I asked him if he thought that we would make a happy pair. He looked at the picture for some minutes and then passed it back to me, saying that he would do as I asked on the last day of my stay there which, he said would be the sixth of the next month. As the last day I could remain and report back to the office in time was the ninth, I was rather puzzled to know why this should be; for it was not my intention to leave until the last minute. Seeing the look of perplexity on my face, he said, "Do not worry, Sahib, you will hear all about it on the sixth day."

Up to that time and although I had asked him several times, he would only answer, "Patience, Sahib, patience."

I showed him other photographs, of my sister, friends and business acquaintances, and he gave me full details of the life of each. Whilst I was taking out one of the photographs from my wallet, I accidentally dropped a letter on to the ground. Before I could replace it, my friend had picked it up and was staring at the few lines of writing that were visible.

I thought this was very strange, but did not say anything; for I could see that the writing was not that of my fiancee. After a few minutes he handed it back to me, saying, "Sahib, the man who wrote that has the character of a jackal. The less you have to do with him, the better for yourself."

To my amazement, on opening the letter I found that it was the written sanction for my leave, typewritten except for the signature and a small foot-note in the handwriting of my "Boss" in Calcutta. Still amazed, I asked my friend, the Yogi, if he was sure that he had not made a mistake, as how could he, not knowing a word of the written English, tell me what kind of a man had written those few lines.

He answered that it was not necessary to know the jackal's tongue to be able to follow his foot-marks in the snow, and although he did not know one word of what was written he could tell by the way it had been written that the writer was not a man to be trusted. Still thinking that he had made some mistake—for, although I had not met the "Boss" many times, he had impressed me as being a "straight-dealer"—I took out a group-photograph on which the person in question was the central figure. Pointing this out to the Yogi, I asked what

he thought of that man. At once he replied, "This is the same man, Sahib; and, if you are willing to listen, I can now tell you more about him."

This is the story he told:—

This man cannot be a true friend to anyone, not even to himself. Although, at present, he has everything he wishes in the way of money and position, he is not happy and the future is dark for him. He is now spending money which is not his own. It will cause his death. His wife, whom he married many years ago, and son, now a grown man, left him because of his brutal actions, and both stay in the home of the mother across the seas. The woman who is living with him and is known as his wife has reaped the crop of the seeds she sowed, for he is now tired of her affections and takes his pleasures with the street-girls. He is fast sinking into the mud of disgrace and despair and will not be able to stand and fight his way back. He will make a coward's retreat and die by his own hand.

That did not sound very good; but I can at least vouch for the truth of the latter part becoming authentic; for, within a year of hearing this story, the "Boss" had blown out his brains on being asked to account for certain deficiencies with regard to the firm's accounts.

The sixth day of the month arrived and by that time I had so much faith in the words of my Yogi friend that I ordered my servant to strike camp and to get all the kit ready, so that we could move within a few minutes of my return. I then made my way to the Yogi's cave in the hillside.

He greeted me with words, "I have been expecting you, Sahib, for I know that you are anxious to hear what I have to say to-day. I know that whatever I tell you you will recognize to be the truth, for you have shown your faith in the words I speak by ordering your servant to break camp. Sahib, it is now nearly the hour of one. If I talk with you until the hour of four, you will still have time to take your refreshment and walk the nine miles to the railway station to board the train leaving at the hour of eight; so will you make yourself as comfortable as possible and take interest in what I have to say.

"Our paths have met on this lonely hillside. We have conversed on many subjects, some of which, although you recognize the words as the truth, are a matter of great mystery to you. To me, who have spent many years delving into the mysteries of life, these things are no longer mysteries. I will endeavour to tell you about these things, but I am afraid that you will know just as much after I have finished as when I started; not because you have a dense mind but because you are an Occidental and cannot understand our ways. Both races think rightly according to their own ways; but those ways do not, and never will, run parallel.

"Sahib, every man shall be known by the marks bestowed upon him by Nature. The leopard cannot change his spots for the tiger's stripes, no more can a bad man change his Nature's markings for those of a good man. Nature still continues with its work of marking every person, but under the veneer of civilization many persons

have forgotten how and where to look for these marks. The eyes have been too busy watching civilization's progress to trouble about the markings on the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Yet all these markings are Nature's way of pointing out the paths of life, and many pitfalls would be avoided if they, the markings, were recognized in the way intended and interpreted for the good of mankind.

"But all these things I learned as a disciple. These were merely the ground for me to stand upon so that I might reach to higher things. Often when I was alone with the wild animals in the hills to the North, I was afraid of these creatures and also the snakes, until I learned how to wrap my thoughts around me like a wide-spreading mantle and put my absolute faith in the ability of that mantle to keep me safe.

"It is far easier to influence human beings, for in that way the sick are healed, than to influence animals. With human beings their inner thoughts can be influenced by the pacification of the conscious or outer thoughts, though even then they cannot be made to do things they would ordinarily refuse to do. An honest man cannot be influenced to steal or to murder, but a man who thinks he is dying can be influenced to think that he is not, and in many cases can be made fit and well again; this because human nature is bent on living.

"With regard to animals the position is reversed; for it is instinctive and natural that most of them should be "Killers", so they have to be influenced contrary to their natural bent.

"Strange as it may seem, the snake, which has been the symbol of wickedness for countless years, is the most sensitive to these influences. Even the influence radiated by an unborn child renders it harmless. The snake will lie asleep in the path of a pregnant woman. This influence over the snake is also evident amongst animals; for the snake will not kill an animal in young, except when attacked.

"Sahib, all these things and more have become known to me and I have adapted them to the good of man. The blind man is made to see because he is influenced to have supreme faith that he can see. By the same means the sick man is made well, the cripple to walk, and so on. All these things may not be clear to you—nevertheless they are true.

"I will now speak of the things that have been troubling you for many days past. Will you let me again see the picture of the lady you are going to marry, also one of the person of written script, that I know is in your little leather pocket ? I wish to be able to tell you all there is to tell at the present, as for many years your path will be my path and mine yours. I have known for long that we should meet and that we are ruled by some unseen and unknown power for the good of each other, though the first act of goodness must be done by me.

"I will now meditate and send my thoughts to see the lady of your choice, so that I may read from the original all that you wish to know.....I see her in a hospital bed-room, in the City of the Moghul Emperor's Delight and

Sorrow ( Agra ). She is sitting at the bedside of her mother, whose neck is covered with bandages. She is whispering brave words to her mother, which her heart does not feel, telling her that the doctors will soon make her well.

"That is the reason, Sahib, why you will be leaving here this evening. It is also the reason why you will be married six months earlier than you or your bride anticipated; for your future mother-in-law, who has always been a good woman, thinking that she is going to die shortly, wishes to see her daughter safely married to you. But she will not die; she has many years yet to live, and the doctors are making a great mistake. They are treating her for a disease which does not exist in her body. If you will take her away from that place and the doctors give her plenty of the fruit of the lime tree and put bandages soaked in water around her neck, she will soon become well again.

"Your future wife will make you happy. She will deliver to you a son which will be the pride of both your hearts—and mine also. Soon after you are married you will move to Simla and, as I know that you will require my help, I too shall not be far away.

"It is now time for your departure, Sahib, whom I will now call Brother. Although you leave me, I shall always be with you to guide your footsteps in the paths where snakes and pitfalls are many. Before you go away, however, go to the Post Office in the village. There is a letter which has come quickly for you."

I left Swami Raju Krishna after a few words of thanks and many of hope that I might see him again, and made my way to the Post Office. Here I found, as I had been told, a telegram from my fiancee, which read, "Mother very ill. Can you come at once." On the return journey, as I was passing the Yogi's cave, I waved the telegram and told him that he had been quite right.

Boarding the small train, which appeared positively to crawl down the hills to Pathan Kot, I arrived at Agra, where I learned the whole truth of what I had been told by the Yogi.

Her mother, who, the doctors said, was suffering from a cancer in the throat, thought that she was dying and wanted us to be married as soon as possible. Knowing that it was necessary to get her away from the doctors and the hospital, I hit upon a plan. I approached the mother and said that I would marry her daughter as soon as possible but I wanted her, the mother, to holiday with us whilst we were on our honeymoon. She, of course, raised all manner of objections. But I said that her daughter refused to go on a honeymoon and I refused to take her if the mother did not come with us. At last I got her to agree with us.

We were quietly married and the three of us proceeded to Mussoorie four days later. Soon after we boarded the train I had the opportunity to start the treatment as prescribed by my Yogi friend. Having ordered plenty of limes and ice, I proceeded to make iced lime drinks. These at first the mother declined but later decided to drink in

preference to the doubtful milk obtainable at the railway stations.

Eventually my mother-in-law, Mrs. Field, came to the conclusion that the drinks made from the fresh limes were ideal. I made sure that there was always a good supply of limes on hand.

The next part of the treatment also became easy; for the neck is not a very convenient part of the body for a patient to bandage, so I volunteered to do it for her. When I had gained her confidence, I moved the lotion and bandages to her bathroom, saying that the smell of the lotion was not a good perfume for the bedroom. By dressing the pad in the bathroom, I was able to substitute water for the lotion but was very careful, so that she would still get the smell of the stuff, to dip the edge of the bandage into it.

By that time she had forgotten all about dying, for my wife and I could drag her out of the house to all and every function in the place. She always enjoyed herself and arrived home too tired to think of anything but of going to bed.

On reporting back to the office after the honeymoon I was told that I had been transferred to another district and my headquarters would be at Simla.

It was not long before my mother-in-law came to stay with us there, for my wife had written and told her that a baby was coming. It was good to see the mother, who, about three months previous, had been quite convinced by the doctors that she was dying, fussing about her daughter and arguing whether the trimmings should be "blue" or "pink".

I still carried on with the treatment, although I knew that she had reverted to the use of the lotion during the time she had been away from us. She was still as much in love with the lime drinks, though as the weather got cool they had to be made with warm water, and so the treatment was carried on uninterrupted throughout the autumn and winter until the baby arrived. A bonny baby boy!

Three months later, my wife most untactfully brought up the subject one night at dinner, when she exclaimed, "Oh, Mother, the swelling has vanished from your neck!" Up went the old lady's hand to feel for it, and then a smile spread over her face and she said, "Why, so it has! It must be God's way of repaying me for forgetting my own troubles when you and the baby required my help."

I did not question that but said that I would call in a doctor to pronounce her fit. This I did, first having had a private talk with the practitioner, and he was convinced and also convinced the old lady that the other doctors had mistaken a small tumour for a cancer and that tumour had in some way become dissolved and had vanished and that she was as fit as a fiddle.

When my son was nine months old, he caught a chill, which developed into bronchial pneumonia. He was nearing the crisis when I was told by a servant that Holy Man was asking to see me, and I went out to find that it was Swami Raju Krishna. I asked him if he would come inside and wait or call upon the morrow, as my son was very ill and I wanted to stay with him. He answered:—

All this is known to me, Sahib, and that is why I am here; for did I not say that this self-same son of yours would also be the pride of my heart? I will with your help make him well again, as I did the mother of his mother.

Take these small leaves and, after boiling them in water, give a small spoonful of the juice to your son every hour. First of all undress him in front of a fire and rub the oil of mustard plant on to his chest and back, dress him again and then give him the juice and put him back to bed. Do this every hour throghout the night. If the baby is sick from the mouth, the juice is doing its work well, and, Brother Sahib, do not rub the oil on with a strong hand or you will cause your son great pain. Farewell, I now go to pray for your son.

He then departed into the night.

I asked my wife to go and rest; I would call her, if necessary. As soon as she was out of the room, I lit a spirit stove and put a sauce-pan of water and the leaves upon it. I then rang for a servant and got a bottle of mustard oil.

When I had everything ready, I took my son from his bed and undressed him on a blanket in front of the fire, praying all the time that the treatment would be successful, and, after rubbing him gently with the warm oil, dressed him again and gave him a spoonful of the juice.

The poor little fellow did not make a sound, for he was breathing with great difficulty. I had no sooner finished and was carrying him back to his bed than he started vomiting. I was then convinced that the cure would be successful.

All through the night I stayed with him, my wife having fallen into the deep sleep of the exhausted, and treated him every hour. I noticed that after the first few doses the secretion of his vomiting was not so thick and, when I gave him a dose just before dawn, his stomach instantly returned the juice and it was devoid of phlegm. He had no difficulty in breathing.

I went along to his mother's room and, gently waking her, asked if she would come to the nursery as I thought our son had had a turn for the better. When we returned to the child, my wife agreed with me and proceeded to give him something to drink.

By the time the doctor arrived I had removed all evidence of my activities in the nursery and what I could not remove I eliminated with the aid of some perfume.

The result of the doctor's examination was most favourable and he, in a most pompous and self-satisfied tone, assured me that my son would be his own bright self again within a fortnight.

How I would have loved at that moment to have told him the things I thought and to have done the things I wanted to do. But I refrained, politely showed him out and paid his bill as soon as possible after I received it. *

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# My Darling !

By Hanumanprasad Poddar.

KṚṢṆA ! my darling ! it is to the dulcet tune of Thy bewitching flute that this actress of *Māyā* is dancing her soul-enthralling dance. It is at Thy prompting that the great Rudra, the terrible God of Destruction, is incessantly carrying on His violent Tāṇḍava dance. It is to please Thee that the ever-jubilant Nārada is dancing his ecstatic dance, with his fingers dexterously moving on the strings of his celestial lute. It is to win Thy favour that great sages like Vyāsa, Vālmīki, Śukadeva and Sanaka brothers sing Thy praises, moving from one place to another, mad in Thy love. Thy beauty is indeed marvellous. It maddens Thine own self, so that there is no wonder that sages and seers, saints and holy men and devotees and God-intoxicated men should stake their all ( whatever they own in this world and whatever they hope to get hereafter ) for Thy sake. Thou art an endless and unfathomable ocean of bliss, obtaining a small particle of which great scholars and ascetics regard their life fulfilled. Thy very being is an inexhaustible store-house of ineffable love. A small particle of Thy unbounded love has found its way into the oozing breasts of all mothers, the heaving bosom of all sighing lovers, and the hearts of all loving friends, nay, into all that we love in this world, and made the whole world sweet and savoury. A perennial and endless stream of wisdom flows from the particles of dust clinging to Thy lotus feet: that is why great sages and holy men yearn for the dust of Thy blessed feet.

Is there anyone who can count the infinite divine qualities of Thy qualityless being ? No one is potent enough to fathom Thy unfathomable wisdom, which is Thy very being and which is beyond the pale of *Prakṛti* ( Nature ). No one has got the power to get a full vision of Thy eternal and world-enchanting beauty and correctly describe it, formless as Thou art. What true lover is there who on entering Thy being, which is a boundless ocean of divine love, can remain without merging himself in its unfathomable depths ? Tell me, then, as to who can describe or discuss Thy beauty, Thy virtues, Thy wisdom and Thy love, and how ? Thou and Thou alone art, O beloved Kṛṣṇa. Whatever is said about Thee is insufficient. Even a glimpse of Thy beauty, virtues, wisdom and love, obtained through meditation and knowledge, cannot touch, much less truly describe even a shadow or imaginary picture of Thy real being, which is beyond the conception of time and space, and which is an inexhaustible store-house of blessedness. Such being the case, mere flights of imagination, devoid of experience, are of no value. As a matter of fact, the loftiest conception of Thy being and qualities reached by human mind and expressed by human tongue does not correctly describe them.

Nay, it is derogatory to Thee just like the effort of one who describes a great emperor as a small Zamindar. Thou art All-merciful. Thy lovers say that You are never displeased with the boyish pranks of Thy beloved children but are pleased like a loving mother with those who think of Thee or sing Thy name in any way. I, too, take liberties with Thee, relying on this indulgent disposition of Thine. But who am I to take liberties with Thee? It is Thou who makest us dance like so many puppets. Who am I to indulge in wanton frolics, a base and wily creature as I am? Do as Thou deemest fit. Who can say 'no' to what Thou willest? Of course, I ask one boon of Thee. Pray drop in my ears occasionally the sweet melody of Thy bewitching flute and, if You so like, also kindly allow me to taste a few drops of Thy nectar-like beauty, which enchants the whole universe.

# Buddha and the Holy Night.

By Swami Ashesananda.

THE month of Vaiśākha is auspicious on many grounds. It has produced three great incarnations. Śankara and Rāmānuja of revered memory were born in the earlier part of that very month. Hinduism was revived, purified and consolidated by the unstinted zeal of the two Āchāryas. Even to-day we feel the touch of their hands in all our philosophy and religious practices. Our temples bear the signs of their footprints. The chanting of Vedas at the time of procession of our gods reminds us of their hallowed names. They gave their life-blood for the sake of our religion. Our Motherland has seen many dramas enacted on her stage. All have been forgotten. But the all-powerful time could not efface the memory of these mighty souls. They are stars of the highest magnitude that never set. Blessed are they that remember, adore and transform their lives according to the teachings of, the master-minds who thought, lived and died for our country's sake, nay for the sake of the whole world, which they regarded as their own family (वसुधैव कुटुम्बकम्) Through many vicissitudes India had to pass. She had to suffer great calamities. But nothing could kill her. She is still fresh, still young; for she has not forsaken her religion. If she did, her name, too, would have been a thing of the past—to be sought in the pages of worm-eaten books.

Again we see on the horizon another bright luminary of the greatest effulgence. Again comes into our mind the thought of another man-god, Bhagavān Buddhadeva, whose birthday fell on the full-moon day of the month of Vaiśākha. The day is thrice holy. It not only ushered in the existence of the Great Seer, but shaped the turning-point of all the momentous events of his life. This was the day on which he was not only born but also renounced the world for the

good of suffering humanity. He married a beautiful girl named Yaśodharā. The holy couple lived happily for some years. A child was born unto them—a pretty boy, the very darling of their heart. But destiny turned the course otherwise! One day, with his attendant, Chandaka, he went for a drive to see how his people were faring. First he came across an old man, then a sick man, then a corpse, and lastly a peaceful and dignified *Sannyasī*. The sight of extreme old age, sickness and death told heavily on his mind. He became grave and pensive. Is this the destiny of all living creatures? Is life with all its luxuries and comforts a mere bubble, a passing shadow? Can there be no solution of this problem of suffering and death? All these thoughts struck a deep note into his heart. He was full of pathetic feelings for the misery of mankind. He renounced his dear wife and beautiful child in search of truth, to bring peace and glad tidings to the world of agony and pain. He roamed from place to place, sat under the feet of many learned scholars. But the desire of his heart remained unsatisfied. For six long years he passed through all the austerities of self-mortification. His body became thin and emaciated to a skeleton by these hard and arduous penances. At last he sat himself down under the famous 'Bo' tree near Buddha-Gaya with this firm resolve—"Let the body wither away and the bones crumble into dust. Until realization of truth comes, this frame of mine will not move an inch from its appointed seat." There he remained immersed in deep contemplation from early morning to sunset. The day rolled away on its onward march to eternity. Suddenly the curtain was drawn. The great hunger of his soul seemed gradually to be satisfied. At last he fathomed the deep mystery of life. He found out the way to *Nirvāṇa*—to the extinction of sorrow and death. He became Buddha, the Enlightened One. Hallowed is the night, blessed is the day that made Siddhārtha a Buddha.

Eighty long winters passed away in teaching mankind the new gospel of strength and peace in sweet *Nirvāṇa*. The same full-moon night appeared on the scene again—but now in a different colour, in a different setting. The 'Tathāgata' was resting in a grove, talking long and earnestly with Ānanda, the most favourite and chosen of his disciples. Ānanda was disconsolate with grief. He was weeping, for the Master was soon going to take leave of them for ever. The dying teacher, before he had his final exit from the stage, made a stirring speech to all humanity, making Ānanda his mouthpiece. The words are never to be forgotten,—so magnetic, so telling. "Oh Ānanda!" said the Master, "do not weep. Shed no tears. This is not the time for grief. Whatever is born must die. Everything is uncertain except death. Do not let yourself be troubled. Have I not told you that we must be separated from those we most fondly love; we must part from all we hold most dear and pleasant? Be a lamp unto yourself. Depend on nobody—even on me. Work out your salvation by your own perseverance; free yourself from this thirst of life, this chain of *Saṃsāra*." Slowly and steadily the eventful night was wearing away. The disciples watched their teacher in heavy anxiety.

One by one, all paid their homage, offered their salutations to his lotus feet, carrying the last words of the Teacher: "Work out your own salvation with diligence."

Thus went away Siddhārtha Gautama, once the Prince of Kapilavastu, but ultimately Buddha, the Enlightened One. The world has never seen such a compassionate soul, such an enormously loving heart!

Buddha did not preach a new religion. All his ideas can be found in our great Scriptures—the Upaniṣads. We Hindus worship him as an incarnation of the Lord. An eminent writer says:—

"Gautama was born and brought up, lived and died a Hindu. Many of his chief disciples, many of the distinguished members of his order were Brahmans. Buddhism was the child of Hinduism. It can be claimed for him that he was the greatest, the wisest and the best of the Hindus." These are the words of a celebrated foreign writer who has made Buddha and his teachings the study of his life. Let us all forget racial jealousies and religious animosities in commemoration of that all-auspicious day. Let us embrace and join hands with our brothers of different religions and usher in a new era of amity, friendship and love.

ॐ शान्तिः शान्तिः शान्तिः ।

# On the Way to Destruction.

By V. S. Sharma, B. A. (Hons.), LL. B.

## REMEDIES TO PREVENT CATASTROPHE

WHEN the war-chariot of Arjuna was taken into the midst of the armies of Kauravas and Pāṇḍavas, arrayed for war, Arjuna surveyed his own forces and those of the enemy and along with that he saw the ghastly and havoc-working results to which that war of Mahābhārata was leading to, and said,".....And thus will the ladies follow a path of unrighteousness, whereby will be produced bastards who will become the cause of destruction of this ancient culture." (*Bhagavadgītā* I. 41-43).

## WAR OF CULTURES

THE fruits of the war of Mahābhārata were not so bitter and far-reaching as were contemplated by Arjuna in that mood of depression. But that which could not be accomplished by the war of Mahābhārata is being accomplished by the present war of cultures.

The ideal of the life of a Hindu, like that of an average man, is to attain Happiness. The modern man with his worldly outlook tries to find happiness in a pursuit to satisfy his sensuous desires. But how far he has succeeded, can be very easily seen from the miserable and unhappy persons of

prosperous countries, who possess all material comforts. The satisfaction of every sensuous desire of ours becomes a source wherefrom a host of other desires emanate and they, remaining unsatisfied, make man helpless and miserable. The seers of ancient India, being far more acquainted with this phenomenon than any of us, regulated the whole social structure and the ideals there in such a way that the prescription now discovered by western thinkers, of Happiness, viz;"simple living and high thinking" was made a practical reality. So the Hindu found Happiness in mutual help, self-sacrifice and contentment. He believed in minding his own duty laid down for him by seers and considered poking his nose in another man's duty fearful.

## STATE OF ANCIENT SOCIETY

How far did he succeed in attaining happiness, can be known from the ancient accounts of the life of a Hindu and Hindu society and a logical analysis of his ideals and their workings. The description of Hindu society as given by Megasthenese in his accounts seems Utopian.

I do not want to enter into explanatory details in this short article, they being so evident as to need no elucidation.

## PRESENT-DAY IDEALS

THE Hindu of to-day has forgotten his ideals, and the way of attaining them, under the sway of Western and Semitic cultures. And now the state of affairs is not only discouraging but seems hopeless. The modern Hindu youth educated in the westernized institutions has reached the stage which even Mr. Macaulay could not conceive of. His moral, physical, spiritual, political and social ideals are all uncertain and instances are not failing wherein we find the mad exhibition of his baser elements. He is daily becoming a worshipper of mammon, and our sisters are also following in the foo'steps of their brethren. Their fashions, beautifying exhibition, tendencies to join cinema actings, etc. show that they, too, are not lagging behind their brethren in this satanic race.

## WHAT IS THE ROOT OF EVILS ?

A class of our leaders believes that political deliverance is the only remedy for all these evils, and in their mad efforts to attain it they have in many cases become the cause of moral degeneration. Liberty kisses the hands of those who have sound moral character and libertinism only leads to the worst form of bondage.

The West felt the trouble and now these words resound in the western atmosphere—"To have peace we must undergo something like a spiritual revolution." India had that spiritual heritage but is going to lose it, and, in case no timely attempt is made, it is sure to be lost in oblivion. Articles in papers often appear, which throw some light upon this subject, by giving particular details regarding moral turpitude that reigns supreme in the Movietone companies, college hostels and city parks. They raise a great hue and cry against the libertinistic spirit that is now making its hold upon the girls.

The effects of moral degeneration among girls are no doubt more far-reaching. But the remedy lies in bringing a change in the outlook of the modern youth; for it is man who sets afoot good or bad movements in women and it is he who controls them.

## SOME REMEDIES SUGGESTED

REMEDIES have often been suggested, but they are more of the nature of results than means.

To bring about the desired moral atmosphere we shall have to create good parents, good teachers and good citizens. This cannot be accomplished by empty words coming out of a mind which itself is helpless under the sway of such conditions and that, too, in a very short span of time. Such a revival needs institutions controlled by strong personalities of a singular type, wherefrom may come out trained youths who may possess sincerity, moral stamina, courage and fearlessness. They, being convinced of the truth and beauty of Hindu ideals and thus possessing a genuine love for them, will be capable of reviving the desired spiritual atmosphere by the practical following of their ideals and the sincere propagation thereof, because it is the practical man whose words carry influence.

## MODERN INSTITUTIONS DENOUNCED

ALL the modern institutions started by socio-religious bodies like the Arya Samaj, the Brahmo Samaj and the Deva Samaj with the advertised motive of reviving ancient culture are, in fact, clear denunciations of it, because they follow western methods. I believe that complete revival can only take place if we have at least one true selfless Brahman controlling a Pāṭhaśālā in every village of India. If he is a real Brahman coming up to the definition given in Śāstras, it is not at all difficult for him to check and change the course of cultural channel in the small area of a village. And so, village by village, whole India shall be reformed, giving rise to universities of ancient type in big cities.

## TRUE REMEDY

THE problem now simplifies itself to this only as to how to produce true Brahmans. The proper environment for the development of a Brahman boy was the Ṛṣi-Āśrama and the proper education was the education of the Śāstras imparted by the great Ṛṣis. The establishment of such Āśramas is impossible now-a- days, but something of that sort must be provided or else the Brahman will become extinct; for he will begin acquiring habits of other Varṇas and thereby he will become a sore to the Hindu society rather than an emblem of Hindu ideal and culture. The modern Āśrama must have some influence of modernity as there are certain things which cannot be controlled and overcome. Money is essential and it cannot be had these days so easily as it could be in the days of Raghu or Rāma for such purposes. Hence the modern Āśrama should germinate in the existing Mutts under the leadership of Sannyāsīs of great calibre and should contain in its curricula an industrial programme as an appendage to the spiritual and educational programmes

whereby the recurrig financial demands will be easily met with and the institution will become an earning concern.

### A CALL FOR UNITED EFFORT

THE work is immense, its aspects are wide and various, and the field vast. Yet it has to be done and, a Sanātana Dharmī as I am, I believe in reformation, evolution and construction and not in revolution or destruction. As long as anybody thinks with me he cannot help believing like me in the fact that the production of the selfless and strong Brahman of the description given in the Śāstras will be capable of bringing back the lost glory of the ancient Āryāvarta.

### CONCLUSION

THIS is the first step in the huge programme; the rest will evolve of themselves. In the meantime we shall have to create a voice against the downward movement of the society so as to check its speed in that direction, by explaining to the modern parent and the young folk the evil of this liberty which has degenerated into license.

Let us in the end pray to the Lord Almighty that He may change the current of public ideas so as to make this task far more light and easy.

# A Peep into the Illustrations.

*1. The Meeting of Guha and Bharata.*

The picture depicts one of the most touching scenes of the *Rāmāyaṇa.* Bharata, the prince among devotees is going to bring back his elder brother Bhagavān Śrī Rāmachandra, who at the sacred command of His father had to remain in the forests for full fourteen years. Guha, a beloved devotee of Śrī Rāmachandra, has come to receive him. The reader will see in the picture the two devotees of the Lord embracing each other in a state of divine joy.

*2. Guha falling at the feet of Śrī Vaśiṣṭha.*

Vaśiṣṭha, the holy Guru of Bhagavān Rāmachandra, is also accompanying Bharata to *Chitrakūta* to meet Rāmachandra. In the picture Guha is seen falling at the holy feet of Śrī Gurudeva in all reverence and devotion.